The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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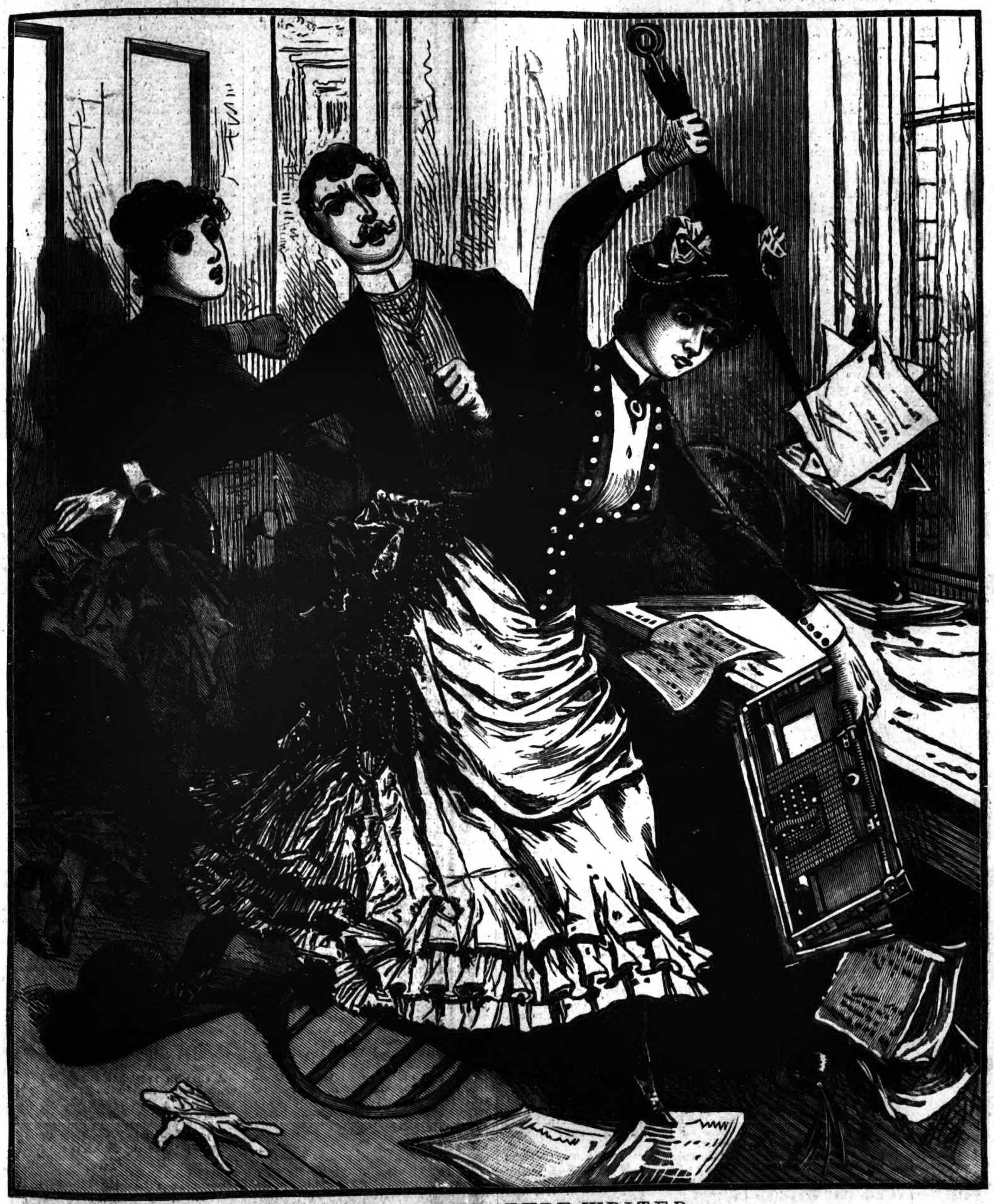

WAR ON THE TYPE-WRITER.

A Siren who Received her Just Deserts.

The Mirror of Life
ALL SAINTS' ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

Published Weekly by
THE ALBION PUBLISHING COMPANY,
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For the Week Ending
SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1894.

RATES TO SUBSCRIBERS.

"The Mirror of Life" will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom at the following rates:—

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ADVERTISING RATES.

One inch, per insertion 10s. 6d.
Special Contracts made for Three Months.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All portraits, sketches, and news of an interesting character, throughout Great Britain, will be liberally paid for, if used. Portraits must be accompanied by a complete record, and the sender's name and address, to ensure absolute confidence, and addressed "The Editor, The Mirror of Life," 108, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

With issue No. 3 of The Mirror of Life was to have been presented a supplement portraying a life-size likeness of Charles Mitchell, English Boxing Champion; but the plates having got injured whilst being prepared for the printing, we decided it was better not to palm off on the public inferior work, hence we give instead a supplement containing a portrait of Peter Jackson, which was taken from a photograph recently produced by John Wood, of New York.

There will be no occasion to expatiate on Jackson's career, suffice to say he has shown himself to be one of the best fighters of modern times.

Our coloured supplement of Corbett and Mitchell in the ring, in the act of clinching, will be given with issue No. 4, and we are free to state that it is the finest work of art ever produced of fighting men. To say that the lithography has been executed in England by English people is sufficient guarantee as to the quality of the production.

* * *

It is reasonably certain that the Corbett-Mitchell fight will occur as announced on January 25 at Jacksonville, and the result, if decisive, will at least lay one heavy-weight pugilist on the shelf. It will simmer down to the winner and Peter Jackson, the gentleman of colour, as to who is the best man in the world. In the United States the people are greatly prejudiced against a black man, and Corbett was the first one to come forward like a man and say, "I'm ready to fight, and don't bar colour." That blatant loafer, John L. Sullivan, is the man who has done more to establish the prejudice against the coloured boxer than any or all the rest of the talent put together, and it is safe to say that fear of Jackson was the incentive of his action. Corbett's easy victory over John L. was an act of charity for not only the public, but the members of the fraternity here and abroad.

* * *

Win or lose in his coming fight Corbett will always be held in high esteem by gentlemen who are admirers of the manly art. His conduct ever since he became notorious as a pugilist has been becoming of a gentleman, and others would do well to take pattern after him. He has at all times avoided the associations of public-house loafers, and his every move has had a tendency to elevate boxing to a proper level.

* * *

As the day of the big fight approaches the public should prepare themselves for rumours of foul play, accidents, or threatened attempts on the lives of either man. It is safe to predict, however, that no bombs will be thrown at Jacksonville on that day, and that the match will be conducted with the utmost degree of fairness. Since it has become fashionable for the short-haired fraternity to have managers, every conceivable plan possible is adopted to create newspaper boom, which proves of commercial value to the slugger when he poses directly after a battle as a hero in a blood-curdling drama.

* * *

We should advise ladies not to be ashamed of their age, and at all times tell the truth. In Australia a marriage was declared void because the lady had claimed at the altar to be fifteen years younger than she really was.

* * *

Mr. Monson, of Ardlamont fame, appears to enjoy the notoriety he is having bestowed upon him, and to all appearances exerts himself in keeping his name moving through the press. He is to write a book, and glories in the possession of the diary kept by Scott since last August. It is hardly likely the production of Mr. Monson's pen will set the world on fire.

* * *

Hair-dressing parlours and public-houses should always keep The Mirror of Life on file for the benefit of customers. Proprietors of such places will certainly find it to their advantage financially to accept this "tip," because the people who patronise such establishments frequently display an inclination to look over interesting journals, and the Mirror of Life is at the head of that list.

ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY.

With No. 4 of The Mirror of Life, which will be on sale Wednesday, January 24, we will give gratis an excellent lithograph of James J. Corbett and Charles Mitchell, in a ring, showing the men in the act of clinching. The production will be in eight colours and taken from a design drawn by one of the most ablest artists in America. It will be 16in by 11in and make an excellent picture for framing.

Though the picture will be an exceedingly expensive one no extra charge will be made for that issue. It is our intention to at all times give to our readers full value for their money, and in the near future an arrangement will be perfected to distribute costly works of art at intervals of four weeks.

"The Mirror of Life,"

though partly of American production, is published in London, and preferring to give English people English work we are having the lithograph of

Corbett and Mitchell

engraved and printed in London instead of seeking cheaper work on the Continent. Considering the stagnant state of trade, it is no more than just to have such work done in the country which helps support the paper.

LET GOOD WORK CONTINUE.

If congratulatory letters from prominent people in regard to The Mirror of Life is any criterion our future success is assured. It would be a difficult matter to quote all who have written, and can truthfully state that while we appreciate any compliment bestowed upon us we will not at any time suffer from a "swelled head" and forget our early friends. It may be of interest to quote a line or two from the more prominent ones who think well of our venture:—

Mr. John Fleming, Manager of the National Sporting Club:—"The Mirror of Life is just the style of paper the public have long desired to see published in England. It is bound to be a big 'go.'"

Sam Nixon, Flat Iron Hotel, Mill Street, Liverpool:—"My customers and myself are delighted with The Mirror of Life. It shall be kept in a prominent position at my house every week."

Joe Farrell, the well-known master of ceremonies:—"Your paper is bound to be appreciated by all sportsmen."

J. Hoffman, newsagent, 289, High Street, Sunderland:—"The paper takes with my customers. I predict a bright future for it. Send terms for a direct supply."

"Chappie" Moran, of Coventry:—"The Mirror of Life is to the front as a first-class sporting weekly."

James Johnston, newsagent, 164, Old Lodge Road, Belfast:—"The illustrations are first-class, and the reading matter extremely interesting. I shall use my efforts to push the paper."

The veteran sport, Bucky Taylor, of Liverpool:—"The Mirror of Life would sell at sixpence. The people get too much for their money."

James Rymer, champion shaver, of Mile End:—"I got the gold medal as champion shaver. The Mirror of Life is equally as well entitled to honours as a bright, spicy paper."

Steve J. Farrell, American sprinter:—"Allow me to pay The Mirror of Life a compliment for being an illustrated sporting journal after American pattern, and ahead of our papers as a bright newspaper."

Tom Wright, White Swan Hotel, Leicester:—"The paper is just the kind of a journal sportsmen require."

W. Reader, clever 9st pugilist:—"The paper is appreciated by all whom I have shown it to."

Harry Nickless, 10st champion:—"It is a bright paper, and will be appreciated."

WILLIAM READER.

A Clever 9st London Pugilist, with a Good Record.

(With Portrait.)

William Reader, clever 9st pugilist, was born at Fulham, June 5, 1864, and is therefore 30 years of age. He is 5ft 3in high, and possessed of marvellous development, measuring—Chest, 40½in; biceps, 14½in; thigh, 21½in; calf, 14½in. Reader's first appearance in public was in the spring of '87, when he met Evan Davis, of Forest Gate, in a six-round contest at Bob Habbijams'. The East-ender made matters so warm for the Fulham youth in the first two rounds that the affair looked all over bar shouting, but Reader stuck to his work with such doggedness and pluck that in the end he fairly wore Davis down and won handsomely. Another meeting between the pair took place subsequently, when Reader again asserted his superiority, these victories over such a game boxer as Davis quickly giving him a name. Reader next met J. M'Carty, of Poplar, and though the latter was a stone and six pounds the heavier, he was no match for the new star, who knocked his man out in the second round with a terrific right-hander on the jaw. Reader had now some difficulty in getting a customer, but eventually, in the fall of last year, he and "Dido" Hopwood were matched to box twelve rounds at the Lambeth School-of-Arms for a purse. Hopwood, who was hardly as well as he might have been, had no chance with the Fulham wonder, who compelled his man to retire at the end of the second bout. At Jem Mace's Rooms Reader next beat Harry Matcham in a six-round contest, and then had a long rest. Subsequently Reader found a new master in Mr. Montague, who issued a challenge in *The Sportsman* for his *protégé* to box any many breathing at 9st, for £200 a-side. For a long time this offer failed to attract a customer, but eventually Burke expressed a wish for another trial, and after a considerable amount of quibbling the pair signed articles to box to a finish with 4oz. gloves for £200, fifteen a-side to be present. A suitable place was found, but at the last minute some kind friend put the police on the scent, and describing the affair as a knuckle fight, "queered the pitch." An immense amount of trouble was consequently given the management, and when the two at last met, instead of thirty about a hundred in excess of the number invaded the room. The scene that followed will not readily be forgotten by those present, and it will suffice to say that when Reader had his man beaten the ring was broken up in the tenth round. Windows were broken, free fights indulged in, and "old Harry" played generally, all being glad to reach the street. The following morning the referee met those interested, with the idea of ordering the fight to be finished in private, but the referee was intimidated into declaring the match a draw, greatly to the disgust of Reader and his party. At Ben Hyams' 9-stone competition at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, he beat Fred Johnson, flooring him repeatedly in the third round, but was bested by Bill Baxter, who won the competition.

The next match of importance was against Sam Blakelock, who was regarded as the best 9st man in the field. They fought at Astley's Theatre, Westminster, for a £100 purse, at 9st. Twelve rounds were contested, when Blakelock was all but stopped, and the decision was given in favour of Reader.

Reader challenged Jem Carney or any man in the world at 9st for £500 a-side. He finally got a match on with H. Overton, of Birmingham, for £200. Being a trifle "stale," he was unable to fight up to form. The match, which was well contested for thirteen rounds, was won by Overton. It took place Aug. 22, 1890. He next met and defeated Bill Baxter in sixteen rounds for a purse of £200. Reader again met Overton at 9st 6lb for £100 a-side and a purse of £200, and lost in the fourth round, Overton being much heavier than Reader. On Dec. 19, 1892, he was beaten by Harry Spurden in twenty rounds at the National Sporting Club for a purse of £120 and the 9st championship.

DR. DAILEY.

The Irish Champion Athlete.

(With Portrait.)

A review of the performances of Dr. Dailey, the Irish champion heavy-weight athlete, is not necessary, because his record is too well known. He was one of the team which visited the United States, where he made himself a favourite amongst the amateur athletes.

PETER JACKSON,

Coloured Heavy-weight.
Matched to Fight J. J. Corbett for the Championship.

(With Supplement.)

Peter Jackson was born in the West Indies in 1861. His height is 6ft 1¼in, and he weighs about 203lb. He fought drawn battles with Jim Corbett (61 rounds), Joe Goddard (8 rounds), William Farnan (6 rounds), and Joe Hayes. His only defeat was by William Farnan in Melbourne, Aus. (3 rounds). His victories are as follows:—

Opponent and place.	Rounds.	Year.
Joe Hayes, Australia	7	1883
Sam Britton, Australia	5	1883
Mick Dooley, Australia	3	1885
Tom Lees, Australia	13	1886
Geo. Godfrey, San Francisco	19	1888
Con Riordan, San Francisco	4	1888
Joe McAuliffe, San Francisco	24	1888
Patsey Cardiff, San Francisco	10	1889
"Sailor Brown," Chicago	3	1889
George Peters, Detroit	3	1889
Jack Fallon, New York	4	1889
Jack Watson, England	3	1889
Alf Mitchell, England	3	1889
Coddy Middings, England	3	1889
Alf Ball, England	1	1889
Jem Young, England	3	1889
Jack Partridge, England	3	1889
W. Woodhams, England	3	1889
Jem Smith, England	2	1889
Peter Maher, Dublin	2	1889
John Dalton, Chicago	3	1890
Jack King, Chicago	3	1890
"Jocko" Brown, Washington	2	1890
James Walker, Washington	1	1890
Gypsey, Washington	3	1890
Gus Lambert, Cohoes	4	1890
Ed Smith, Chicago	5	1890
T. Johnson, California	4	1890
Frank Slavin, England	10	1892

IKE WEIR.

The Belfast Spider, who Challenges George Dixon.

(With Portrait.)

Ike O'Neil Weir, the Belfast Spider, was born at Lurgan, near Belfast, Ireland, 27 years ago, and spent his early days in Belfast. He was developed as a boxer by Bucky Taylor, of Liverpool, and after appearing in several contests in Manchester and vicinity he went to America. He reached Boston in 1886, and for three succeeding years he was regarded as the best man in the States at 8st 8lb, having defeated Jack Williams, Bob Fuhrey, W. Clark, Jack Farrell, Arnold, and others. He fought drawn battles with Frank Murphy, of Birmingham, John Griffin, and Tommy Warren. He has been beaten by Billy Murphy, but subsequently defeated the Australian. Riotous living has caused the Spider to deteriorate as a pugilist, though of late he has shown an improvement on his form of a year ago, and wants to fight George Dixon at 8st 8lb for a purse. He is as erratic as he is clever, and has, therefore, found it difficult to get substantial backing for a fight of any importance.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

A Situation Hard to Explain Away.

(With Illustration.)

Circumstances often arise which are difficult to explain away. A parson in Brooklyn, New York, set out on New Year's Day making calls on friends, as has been his custom for many years. Being a temperance advocate, no spirits or wine were offered him, but at every call he would take out his Bible from the handbag and read a few passages, afterwards indulging in prayer. It was while on his bended knees at one place that the boys substituted a bottle of rum and whisky for the Holy Bible. His next call happened to be on an old fossil who was one of his staunchest advocates in the house of worship in enlisting young men into the temperance cause.

A chat in regard to the advancement made during 1893 in the good cause soon simmered to a call for a chapter in the Bible. On the wall hung a motto, "The Lord will provide," and when the parson was eulogising how appropriate the motto was for a home, the old dame, in place of extracting the holy book, brought forth a bottle labelled "Rum." Too dumbfounded to speak made it appear as though he were a hypocrite, and being unable to make a satisfactory explanation, the parson took leave. There will be an indignation meeting at the Chapel next week, and one parson will seek maintenance elsewhere.

WILL THE FIGHT OCCUR?

Facts sent us from America.

Dixon's Manager Arrested.

Inside Story of the Dixon-Wallace Fight.

BOSTON, January 8.—The interest continues on the approaching Corbett and Mitchell fight, and there appears considerable talk as to who would with be in fault if the match were prevented. The fact has been apparent for some time, to keen observers, that some strong work has been afoot to keep up the strongest agitation against the contest taking place. The Governor, Sheriff, and the Duval Club people have been quoted and misquoted repeatedly, and the conclusion can only be reached that someone is having the work done for an object. While I am on the best of terms with Mitchell, I do not allow that fact to warp my judgment as to his chances with Corbett. I know of no single man in the pugiliatic business that compares with Mitchell for shrewdness. He can discount anyone in his line in keeping his end up with the public through the newspapers. He would make an enviable reputation as a press agent, and in all fairness I want to say that the man who is now handling Mitchell's interests with the newspapers is a particularly competent man. This person's latest effort to boom Mitchell at the expense of Corbett and Brady by inferring that the latter pair were manœuvring to stop the fight is on a par with some of Munchausen's stories. While no slouch as a business man, Corbett lacks the experience that Mitchell has had. Corbett is on the level, and the many sacrifices he has made, and the great expense he has gone to should satisfy any unprejudiced person that he is sincere in wanting the contest to come off. Should he win he will be nothing the gainer. The winner's end of the purse will leave but little margin over the expense of Corbett's training and the money he has lost through not showing. By defeating Mitchell he will add little to his reputation, as the best informed men know that Mitchell of to-day does not compare with Mitchell of from five to eight years ago.

The only victory that Corbett can make to satisfy the world at large that he is the undoubted world's champion is over Peter Jackson. To get back to the subject as to who will be the biggest gainer should the Governor stop the fight. Will it be denied that such action will mean thousands of dollars to Mitchell? He can continue to show through the country, and his clever press agent, through means with which Corbett and his people have as yet not become acquainted, can throw the odium on the American champion.

Mitchell's greatest support comes from the friends and admirers of John L. Sullivan. They cannot forgive Jim for defeating their idol, and they would greet as a hero and god any man that could beat Corbett even by foul means. It would make no difference if a Chinaman or a Malay should be the man as long as he could drag Corbett through the mud a bit. Corbett's most serious error seems to be in acting the gentleman as much as possible, and holding aloof from the general run of boxers and pugilists. His ideas and ambition lie in a different direction than that of the horde of pugilists of to-day. It is only as a business that Corbett indulges in pugilism, and he is frank to say that it has been a paying one; but he adds that, although he has made money at fighting and through the reputation gained therefrom, it does not follow that he should overlook his instincts and desire to be a gentleman. Where he has lost friends by refusing to be the loafer and mix with an objectionable lot, he has gained friends and good ones among the better class of people. In support of my theory that the fight may not take place, I quote from a sporting man of national reputation, a close supporter of Mitchell, and one who has been an adviser of Mitchell since the latter has been in this country the last time. He is one of the richest bookmakers in the United States. In conversation with some intimate friends in New York, including a couple of Boston men, about six weeks ago, the bookmaker referred to said: "You will hear plenty of talk, and plenty of talk of fight, but you will never have the fight. The Florida people have given up their 5,000dols. very easily to Corbett and Mitchell, and they have got to get some kind of play for their money."

The same gentleman afterwards added: "Mitchell is the cleverest 'con' man I ever met, and, although I am closer and more intimate with him than any other man in this country, and am on to his games, still he 'cons' me." Speaking of George Dixon and Billy Plimmer, I can only say they are as far off from making a match as ever. The following is a copy of an article which will be published by Captain Cooke in the *Boston Illustrated News*, and will be interesting reading to English sports: "Tom McGeough, of Providence, supplied the bulk of the funds for George Dixon's trip to England for the Nunc Wallace battle, and accompanied him across the water. McGeough gives an interesting account of his efforts to secure the repayment of the money. 'It is well known,' Tom says, 'that the purse for which Wallace and Dixon battled was 2,500dols. Dixon had an additional allowance of 500dols. from the National Sporting Club for training and travelling expenses. Lord Lonsdale at Oakham defrayed the whole cost of the training of Dixon. Dixon owed his good condition to training himself faithfully and to his realising how much he himself had at stake in not being beaten. It was luck, coloured man's luck, in Dixon's finding in Wallace a rank quitter, which saved the day for Dixon. There was no money made on the trip outside of the purse, because Dixon's form was exposed to the whole United Kingdom by the finish trial which he was allowed to make at Oakham against Wallace's toughest victim, Billy Willis. The latter tipped Willis off to John Bull, and all the "bookies" who, if they had been kept in the dark, would have laid 3 to 1 on Wallace to win.'

"The trip cost me rather more than 1,200dols. I understand that Dixon got from it about 700dols. All I ever asked was to have my own outlay on Dixon's account repaid to me. An advance of 125dols. which I made to pay for the colours for the Wallace fight that Dixon had printed, and which were well sold at a guinea each, payable according to custom if he won the fight, was not repaid to me. The debt was meanly dishonoured after the victory over Wallace. I had ample legal proofs, and I bided my time.

"It has already been published that I caused the arrest at Providence of Dixon's manager for the 125dols. advance. He gave bail for appearance for trial, but after that he made no contention. The case went against him by default, and his bondsman, Mr. Brown, of Providence, whom Jean Angel guaranteed against loss, had to settle. Whether Mr. Angel has been made whole, I don't know. I accomplished my object in obtaining judgment that Dixon's manager owed me the money, and I collected it of his bondsman, and made a present of it to the attorney who had charge of the claim for me. I was satisfied when I made him either pay or leave his bondsman in the hole." Several fights are booked for here and Providence in the near future. The town is overrun with men all looking for fat purses, but if they fight it will have to be for a reasonable amount of money, because managers are not anxious to risk losing money nowadays.

ELM.

WHISKY FLOWED LIKE WATER.

The Greers won 95,000 dollars on Rocky Mountain Chief.

Old Border Ruffian Beaten Dies of a Broken Heart.

He Saves a Man from the Gallows.

(With Illustration.)

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Denver, Colorado, U.S.A., of the heat race between Old Border Ruffian and Rocky Mountain Chief says:—"Ruffian was a wonderful animal, and contested in some of the most notable turf events that have stirred the hearts and affected the purse of the old-time sporting element of the West. His most famous race, and one which involved the largest purse ever ran for in the West, took place here over thirty years ago. The race is still referred to by the old-timers who saw it.

"One morning early in May of 1860 two men, astride of one horse, arrived in the then frontier settlement of Denver from the old Salt Lake trail. Although it was not an unusual sight to see two men riding one horse, Mexican style, there was something about these particular men and the appearance of their horse that gave them an air of mystery, and the news of their arrival quickly spread from cabin to cabin. By the time the two strangers had reached the Elephant coral, where they put up their horse, a goodly-sized crowd of people were already there anxious to form their acquaintance. The strangers were dressed in full suits of buckskin and heavily armed; their horse, a bay, seemingly jaded and tired, was spiritless and hoof-worn. His sides were covered with streaks of dry foam and alkali dirt, and his back was raw from the chafings of the heavy saddle. Altogether, the animal was in a pitiable plight, and predictions were made that the next morning would find him dead in the stall.

"'Give old Ruffian the best feed you have got,' said one of the strangers, 'for he deserves it. He has stood by us in a mighty hard ride, and has saved our necks. It is had not been for him we would have been strung off by the Mormons long ago.'

"It was not long before the whole truth came out. The two strangers were none other than Jim Harrison and Tom Hunt, the notorious Utah outlaws, and the horse was Border Ruffian, the famous Salt Lake racehorse. For several years Ruffian had reigned the invincible king of the Mormon race-tracks, and under saddle had never been beaten either in long or short races. His name was familiar to everybody in Utah and the adjoining territories, and his victories afforded themes for many interesting stories. No amount of money could induce his owners to part with him. Hunt and Harrison, who were professional gamblers, had lost a good-sized fortune betting against Ruffian in various races, and finally decided to steal the horse and take him to some new country, and there make up what they had lost against him. Before they had completed their plans Hunt killed a prominent Mormon at Salt Lake, and after a very short trial was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. A gallows was erected near the outskirts of the town on the old Overland road, and all preparations were made to swing him in due and impressive form. During the excitement attendant upon the preparations for the event, and on the morning of the day on which Hunt was to hang, Harrison entered the stable where Ruffian was kept, and spirited him away. Mounted on another horse and leading Ruffian Harrison rode to the gallows without being observed, and slipping two six-shooters into Hunt's hands told him to 'hurry up.' At the same time, acting his own suggestion, he wheeled his horse and charged upon the crowd. Hunt was not a moment behind, and the two, at a speed which defied pursuit, flew down the Weber canon trail and were soon out of sight. Before they were out of range, however, the horse ridden by Harrison was struck by a bullet, and shortly afterwards had to be abandoned. It was then that Ruffian was compelled to carry the double load which he took into Denver. Night and day the infuriated Mormons pursued Harrison and Hunt, but were unable to overtake them, so great was the speed and endurance of the stolen horse. When fully 100 miles from Salt Lake the two desperadoes made their first stop for rest and feed, and on the morning of the tenth day they rode into Denver, a distance of 600 miles from Salt Lake.

"All this was soon known, and Ruffian became an equine hero. In the attention paid the horse the two men who had stolen him were entirely forgotten. Every possible care was bestowed upon the horse, and in a couple of weeks he was once more fit to enter into a race. Captain A. B. Miller, a wealthy sporting man, had, in the meantime, bought him, and challenged the country for a rival.

"Among the settlers of Denver then were three brothers, known as the 'Greer boys,' who had arrived from Iowa the preceding year. They were 'dead game sports,' passionately fond of racing, and possessed several very good horses, among them a bay almost an exact counterpart of Ruffian. Although worked to an emigrant waggon with which the owners had driven into the Territory, Rocky Mountain Chief, as the Greers called their horse, had beaten all comers in races, and until the advent of Ruffian was supposed to be the fastest horse in Colorado. His owners did not propose to let him lose the title so hardly won until actually compelled to do so. Accordingly they accepted Captain Miller's challenge and arranged for a race, mile heats, best two in three, for a bet of 20,000 dols. a-side. September 10 was set as the date, and the old McNasser farm, north of Denver, was selected as the place at which to have the contest. The horses were put into active training, and the news of the coming race was heralded throughout every mining camp for hundreds of miles around.

"It became the sole topic of conversation, and days before it was to take place ranchers and miners from all directions flocked into town. Gold dust, about the only means of circulating medium then available, horses, cattle, and other chattels and property were wagered with utter recklessness. The outside stakes were about even. The gamblers and sports, who thought they had a 'walk away,' bet on Ruffian, and the miners and ranchers backed Chief. On the day preceding the race the owners of the two horses had a more than ordinarily warm discussion, which resulted in their increasing the stakes to 47,500dols. aside, all the money the Greers could raise, making the purse 95,000dols., all in gold, the largest hung up for a mile race in the United States.

"No other such scene of wild excitement was witnessed on a race track as occurred when the time for the race finally arrived. Enthusiasm of the fiercest kind prevailed and continued to swell until it seemed impossible for human beings to stand the pitch up to which that motley crowd had worked themselves. The track was in an open field, devoid of fence or other screens, and no admission fee was charged. It was a regular free and go-as-you-please affair, from which nobody was barred. Thousands of men, women, and children, from hundreds of miles around encircled the crude track in a swelter jostling, yelling, cursing mob. Every in that wild throng was armed with a s shooter, some even carried two or mor and not a few had rifles as well. A stand of rough boards and logs had been improvised for the judges who were to officiate. The gold dust purse had been melted into a solid lump, and was suspended from ropes stretched across the track from the judges' stand to a post opposite. Homes, stock, mining claims, jewellery, guns, clothing, and money were staked on the result by frienzied men and women who were on hand to see the race.

"Amid wild cheers and yells the horses at last got the start. Ruffian at once forged ahead, and Chief flew the track, and before he could be gotten under control Ruffian had won the first heat. A yell that fairly made the earth tremble followed the announcement of the judges' decision, and a rush was made to lynch the man who had started Chief, but he managed to escape from the mob unharmed. It was estimated that in the neighbourhood 100,000 dols. changed hands on the heat.

"Encouraged by their first victory, the gamblers doubled their bets, and staked everything they possessed on the second heat. An even start was secured, and when the horses passed the quarterstretch the two horses were neck and neck. At the half, Ruffian, who was being cruelly punished by his rider, forged ahead and gained a slight lead. Up to this time Eugene Teats, who was riding Chief, had given his horse free rein, but had never once used the whip on him. Charley Hamilton, a typical frontier desperado, who had everything he owned staked on Chief, stood at the backstretch with a revolver in each hand. 'Lay the whip on that horse, —— you,' he shouted to Teats, 'or I'll drop you from the saddle.'

"Knowing that Hamilton would do as he said, Teats now began to ply the whip, and drew blood at almost every blow. Chief came in winner of the second heat, fully 100 feet in the lead, in 1:42, it is said.

"Wild and frenzied as the people had been, the riot which followed the termination of the second heat was simply awful. Revolvers were drawn and men fired wildly and indiscriminately into the air, into the ground, and straight ahead flew the bullets until the air rang with the noise of the shots, yells, screams, and oaths. Gold dust was scattered like so much chaff in the wild quarrel for bets, and even the women joined in the mad chorus of curses and yells.

"The heat had proved too much for Ruffian, and he was completely broken down, and the gamblers and toughs, realising that they were beaten, became furious with rage. Con Oram and Charles Suitz, both of whom afterwards became noted prize fighters, stood at the foot of the steps leading to the judges' stand and kept the crowd back until the official decision could be made. Ruffian was unable to run any more, and Chief was ordered on to the track, and after running a half mile, was declared winner of the race. So greatly worked up were the losers that it was found necessary for the safety of the judges to escort them back to town under the protection of a force of armed men, volunteers from among the winners.

"Mounted on their ponies, with revolvers and bowie knives drawn, the Greers, with a party of friends, rode to where the big golden brick was suspended, and cut the 95,000dols. worth of solid gold down. It was loaded into a waggon, and, like the judges, was escorted to the town by an armed force.

"That night whisky and other liquors flowed like water in Denver, and the whole camp was one huge drunk. The brick was cut up into chunks, and Teats, Chief's rider, received a lump valued at 5,000dols. for his services. The remainder the three Greers divided among themselves, and so successfully and gorgeously did they celebrate their great victory that it is said within forty-eight hours they had spent their last cent. While still too drunk to realise what they were doing they sold Chief for 150dols. to Captain McGee, who was subsequently tortured to death by the Arapahoes. When McGee was captured he was riding Chief, but the Indians failed to secure the horse, and he escaped to the Ogallala range, and roamed at large with a band of wild horses. He was never after recaptured.

"Poor Border Ruffian seemed to realise that in this, his first and only defeat, he had outlived his glory as a racer, and speedily degenerated into a worthless and ambitionless animal. For weeks he stood in his stall and refused to pay the slight heed to voice or caress, and scarcely the feed placed before him. One cold morning in the following he was found stiff in death his stall.'

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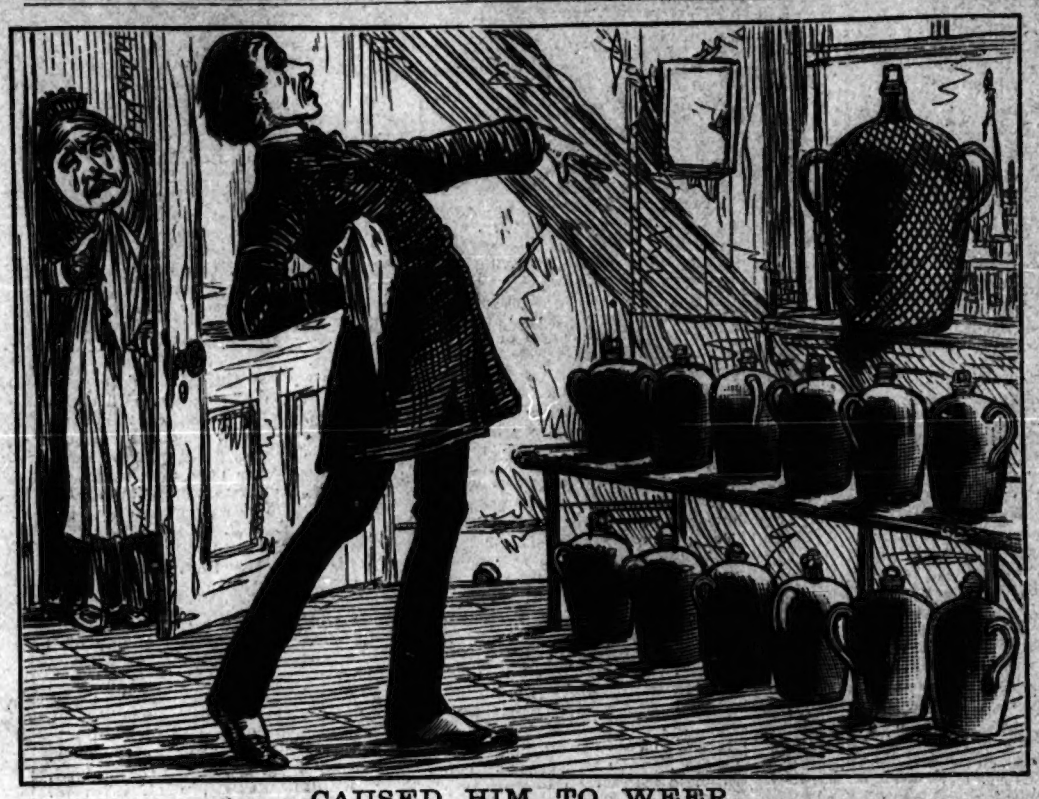


CAUSED HIM TO WEEP.

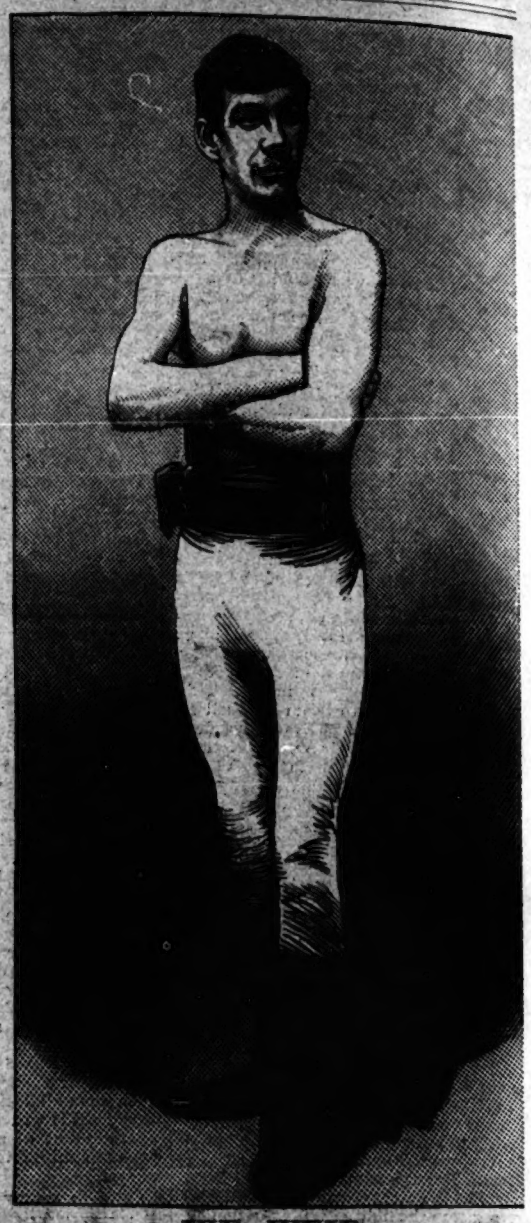
A Solicitor Rehearsing an Appeal for a Client Causes Him to Weep.

NO ROOM FOR SCABS.

Starvation Drives Women to Fight to Death.

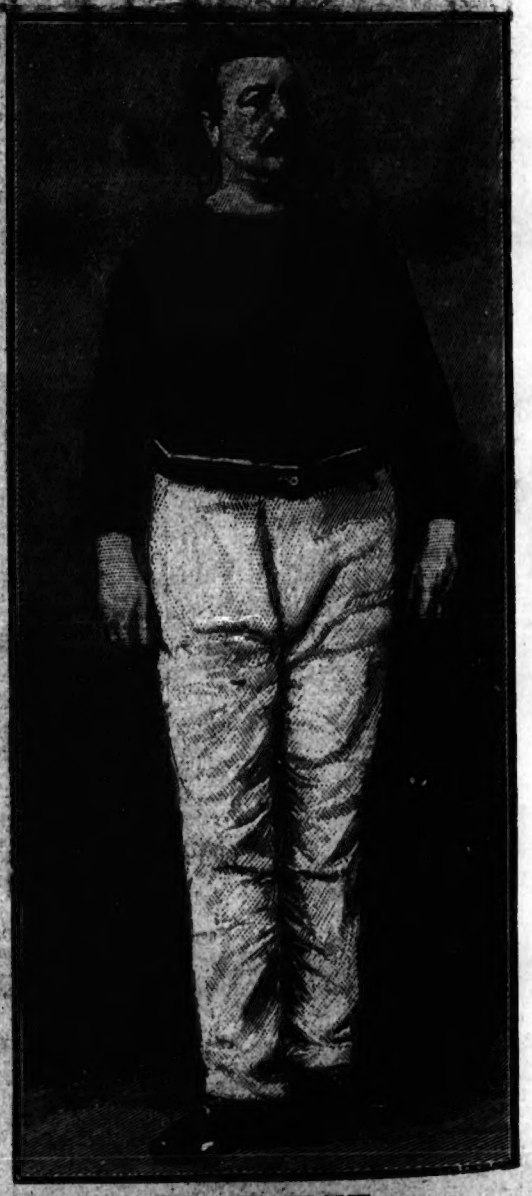
TAKEN BY STORM.

She had no Mother, but other Relatives were Numerous.



IKE WEIR.

The Belfast Spider, who Challenges Geo. Dixon.

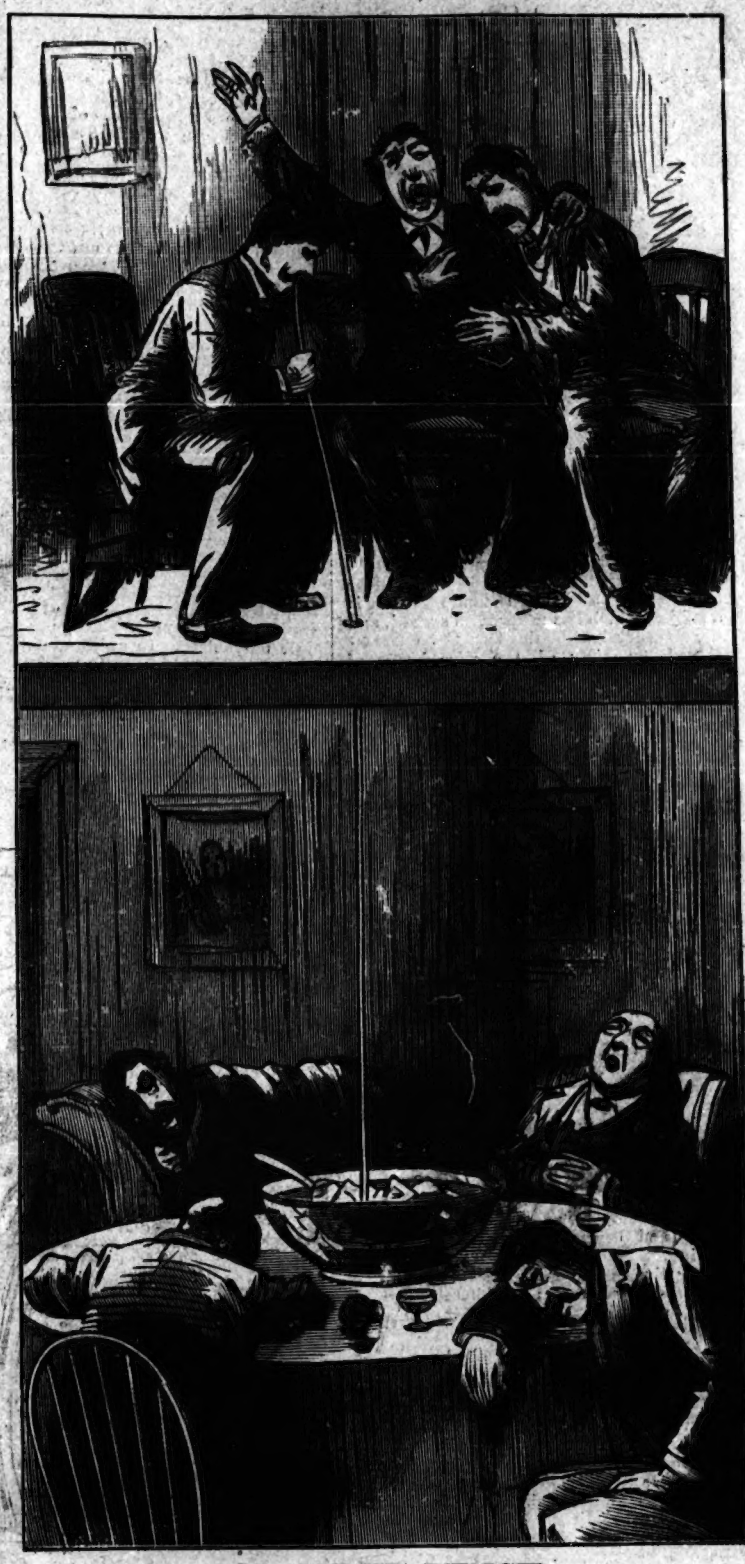


DR. DAILEY.

The Irish Champion Athlete.

WILLIAM READER.

A Clever 9st. London Pugilist, with a Good Record.



TOO MUCH PUNCH.

How Uninvited Guests got their Share.

GETTING EVEN ON A REVIVALIST.

Publicans Break up Prayer Meetings which Injure their Business.

HONEST SPORTS.

Atmospheric Changes impede Speed.

Why Foreigners can't Run here.

Hutchens Retires from the Path.

Harold Hagen, Champion.

Wins Three Events in Holland.

Skating as to Skating.

THE retirement of Harry Hutchens will be regretted by all followers of the big handicaps, and particularly at Sheffield. It now comes the question, who will be regarded as our fastest man? There is no branch of pedestrianism so exciting as sprinting and more money will be wagered on men going 100 to 150 yards, both here and in the States, than any other distance which can be suggested. It has been a puzzling question to visiting sprinters why they should run 100 yards in even time or better in the Western portion of the States or the Colonies of Australasia, and the same men contesting in a Sheffield will be outclassed by a quarter second man. It is a subject which has never been argued, and our theory will doubtless be questioned by many of the wise heads of the profession. Few people have ever taken into consideration the fact that when they get accustomed to light air they accumulate flesh and display greater speed, but it is nevertheless so. Leadville, Colorado, is 15,000ft above the level of the sea, and the air is so light there that a stranger would find it impossible to remain in the city overnight. It requires fully a month to become accustomed to the atmosphere, and once that is accomplished the subject is fit to begin training. If there it any speed to a man will develop itself there, and proper exercise will improve him by at least three years in a hundred. In other portions of Colorado, and on the Pacific Coast, which are not quite so lofty, a man doing quarter-second here would, by careful work, improve to an even-timer. The majority of men who come here to spin for a Sheffield, show fast performances in the Western States and figure on doing as well here, but soon learn to their sorrow that they cannot run so fast. They at once imagine they have gone stale, but it is merely a question of climate that slows them down. The same may be said of our men going abroad, they fail to develop the speed expected of them, and then arises a question of correct timing. Harry Hutchens may be taken as a fair illustration. He visited the States and was unable to get anywhere near even time in running, and all manner of excuses were held out for his poor display. Had he remained there for a year he would, no doubt, have run as fast, if not faster, than he did here in the big handicaps. There is nothing so injurious to an athlete as atmospheric changes, and a man visiting a strange country should never be disappointed if he does not accomplish what he anticipates. Where the air is light a man can always display the greatest speed. There is no place in the United Kingdom where a man can, after being acclimatised, speed as fast as he can in Australia or west of Chicago. Fighting men, who visit the Antipodes or western part of America, are unable to fight within pounds of what they can reduce to here. Frank Murphy (deceased) could get to 8st comfortably in this country, but after a few months in the States it took all the fight out of him to reduce down to 8st 6lb, and it forced him to do battle at 8st 8lb in order to be strong on entering the ring.

An athlete in this country can do with a pint of ale and not feel in any way uncomfortable but go and do plenty of work. Should he partake of as much beer in the States or the Colonies he would feel lazy, and seek an hour's repose to sleep off the burden. It has often been said that the Bass ale sold in the States is stronger and of far inferior quality to the ale dispensed here, but that is all rot. It hinges on the climate and the difference in the body of the air which is inhaled in the lungs.

There is talk of several fast men coming here from Australia. If they do, they will find themselves much slower than they have been for many a day. The proper thing for a foreigner to do when contemplating competing in a Sheffied handicap is to settle down in the Midlands for at least six months, doing gentle work, and then get down to strict training. It will have afforded him an opportunity to become accustomed to the climate, and careful treatment will develop speed.

* * *

THE tournament organised by the International Skating Union to decide the International Skating Championships for professionals at 500, 1,500, 5,000, and 10,000 metres began at Zwolle, Holland, January 10. Prizes of 100, 50, 25, and 15 guilders are offered for each race, and should any competitor win three out of the four events he will hold the title of Champion of the World. The 1,500 metres race, for which there were eight starters, was decided first, and resulted as follows:

Harald Hagen, of Christiania, 2min 42 1-5secs, first.

Maarten Kingma, of Grouw (Friesland), 2min 45 1-5secs, second.

Van der Schaaf, of Akkrum (Friesland), 2min 59 3-5secs, third.

In the second race of 5,000 metres Harald Hagen won in 9min 37 1-5secs, with Kingma second in 9min 39 2-5secs, and Van der Schaaf third.

The concluding races of the tournament were decided January 11, when M. Kingma won the event of 500 metres in 51 1-5sec, Hagen being second in 51 2-5sec, and Tirmolin third. The race over a distance of 10,000 metres followed. There were five competitors, and the result was as under:

Harald Hagen, 18min 57 1-5sec ..... (Beating the world's record.)	1
Maarten Kingma, 20min 15sec	2
Van der Schaaf, 22min 7 4-5sec	3
Termolen, 22min, 8 1-5sec	4
Sonneville, 22min 28 3-5sec	5

Having won three of the four contests, viz., the 1,500, 5,000, and 10,000 metres races, the Norwegian, Hagen, becomes "Professional Champion of the World," and receives, besides the prizes, an additional sum of 200 florins.

* * *

WHIPPET racing is a favourite pastime in the Midland and Northern districts of England, and handicaps of £25 are frequent occurrences. They are as a rule well patronised. In order to make that branch of sport a popular pastime in the London district the proprietors of the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette* propose giving £250 to be run for in March. The liberality and enterprise shown by the proprietors of that popular weekly is worthy of the patronage of all true sportsmen. They are organising a National Whippet Racing Club and propose placing the fee for those who desire to join at a low figure. In connection with the club will be published the NATIONAL WHIPPET CLUB'S STUD BOOK AND RACING CALENDAR, and such other publications as may from time to time be necessary.

No dog or bitch can enter for the £250 handicap unless it is previously registered in THE NATIONAL WHIPPET CLUB'S STUD-BOOK AND RACING CALENDAR. This costs nothing, and registration forms can be had from the Secretary, National Whippet Racing Club, 183, Strand, London. The promoters have our best wishes for success, because whippet racing is not only exciting, but a sport which is usually conducted on honest principles.

* * *

A BILLIARD match, spot-barred, between W. Mitchell and C. Dawson, was decided at the rooms of the National Sporting Club during the week ending January 13. The game was for £100 and the Championship Challenge Cup. Mitchell, the holder of the Cup, sustained his reputation by scoring 9,000, whilst Dawson's total was 8,163. Immediately after the conclusion of the match Dawson challenged Mitchell to play again for the Cup and £100 a-side, in accordance with the Billiard Association rules and conditions.

This is Mitchell's third consecutive victory, and if he is successful next time, the Cup will become his absolute property, having to be won four times in succession or six times in all. Mr. Tom Dunning, of *The Sportsman*, was referee.

* * *

THE tour to Sweden organised for members of the National Skating Association, commences on February 3, and full particulars will be forwarded to members. It is understood that Mr. J. C. Aveling, the British Amateur Champion, will represent England in the competition for the World's Amateur Championship, and in all probability other English skaters will enter.

* * *

STEPHEN J. FARRELL, Champion of American running from 150 to 880 yards, who competed in the Sheffield Christmas Handicap, is making headquarters at Tom Wright's, White Swan Hotel, Leicester. In a letter he says, "I saw the first two copies of THE MIRROR OF LIFE, and am agreeably surprised at its good appearance. It is just the style of a journal the public require in this country, and I might add that it is far ahead of any of the American illustrated papers. THE MIRROR OF LIFE is sure to prosper."

* * *

GEORGE LITTLEWOOD, of Sheffield, the champion long-distance runner of the world, has expressed his willingness to enter a sweepstake with any of the runners of the present day for a fifty miles race for from £25 to £50 each.

* * *

THE only woman trainer of racehorses in the world is the widow of the late Tom Chaloner, of Newmarket. Mrs. Chaloner was the daughter of the old Yorkshire trainer John Osborne, and sister to the veteran jockey of that name. She has an extensive establishment at Newmarket, which she manages entirely herself, riding out early on the Heath with her string of horses, of which she is one of the best judges in England. At racecourses she is a familiar figure, always unobtrusively dressed, for in outward appearance she is in nowise a "horsey" woman.

* * *

JAKE SCHAEFER, the Yankee "Wizard" of billiards, will appear in a farce-comedy next season, along with the old variety performers, Ward and Vokes. Schaefer's principal part in the play will be an exhibition of fancy shots with A. W. Spink. The "Wizard's" contract calls for 125 weeks, commencing next April. It is said that he will receive 250dols. a week.

* * *

TOM BLAYLOCK, the clever wrestler, of Carlisle, is quite ill, and his friends propose giving him a testimonial. During his career he has won the all-weight prize at Otterburn, won 10st prize at Castle Eden and was second in 12st division, won 10st prize at Whittingham and took third honours in all weights, won 10½st prize and second in all weights at Quebec, won 10st prize at Victoria, Garesfield, won Shelley's 10st Competition at Newcastle, and George Graham's 9½st, 10st, 10½st, 12st, and all weights, won three times at Felling-on-Tyne, won 11st prize at Medomsley, won second prize for 10st men at Morpeth, took third prize twice for 10st men at Carlisle, took third prize for 10st men at Newcastle, won three times at Bedlington, and second once for 10½st men.

* * *

ROBERT STEWART has won the draughts tournament for the championship with two wins to his credit; James Ferrie was second, and D. G. M'Kelvie and J. Seanright divided third and fourth.

* * *

MR. A. VINES, the well-known sportsman, of Liverpool, died on January 11 at Brighton.

* * *

HARRY HUTCHENS still appears to retain his form as a sprint runner. At Underwood, Paisley, Scotland, recently he made an attempt to lower all records at 120yds and 220yds, the latter being meantime his own property. He had three local peds making pace for him over a hard, frost-bound track, and a close keen cold snow was falling as he stood waiting pistol-fire. 120yds record, 11½secs, and he took 11½ secs. 220yds record, 21½secs, Hutchens took exactly the same time which he himself did at Lillie Bridge, London, in 1885.

* * *

THE skating competition for a challenge cup valued 50 guineas and cash prizes 25 guineas, the distance being 1½ miles, with five turns, was decided January 8, at Ely. There were 42 entries, including the best of the fen skaters, James Smart, last year's winner, and a Norwegian, Henrick Lindahl.

After the first round the fastest eight times were taken and raced as under: W. Housden, 5min 31sec, beat F. Ward, 5min 37sec; James Smart, 5min 23sec, beat W. Boon, 5min 36sec; P. Tyrrell, 5min 38sec, beat T. Atkin, 5min 42sec; H. Lindahl, 5min 22sec, beat G. See, 5min 51sec.

In the final Lindahl got the better of the start, and at the second turn he was leading by 10 yards, eventually beating Smart by 20 yards, their times being: Lindahl, 5min 20sec; Smart, 5min 22sec. Towards the finish a strong east wind was blowing down the course.

* * *

AT Gibraltar, January 9, the Garrison Challenge Cup was again captured by Major Tower and Lieut. Hedley (Royal Engineers), considered the best couple in the garrison. Lieut. Brown and Hon. Hood, Royal Artillery, were the losers.

* * *

The members of the Berlin Long Distance Marching Society propose a winter walk from Berlin to Vienna, to start at the end of January.

* * *

IN publishing the record and portrait of Mr. Alfred Allison, the eminent journalist, in issue No. 1, we neglected to mention that he was the stakeholder in nearly, if not all the boat races during the prosperous times for sculling on the River Thames. William Beach, Edward Hanlan, Jake Gaudaur, John Turner, George Hismer, and all visiting oarsmen generally named Mr. Allison as stakeholder when they were about to arrange a match here. It was Mr. Allison who drafted the articles at the Royal Aquarium for the prize fight between John L. Sullivan and Charley Mitchell, which took place at Chantilly, France. He extended many courtesies to John L. when here, and to Mr. Allison is due much of the credit of the success of the American slogger's tour here, which netted him something over £2,400 nett in two months.

* * *

NANCY HANKS, the famous American trotting mare, has been shelved after a successful career. In 1891, she got for her owners in races or exhibitions in the States over £20,000.

* * *

AN effort will be made to prohibit pigeon-shooting, rabbit-coursing, and the royal buckhounds. Mr. A. C. Morton will introduce the bill this session to make such sport illegal, and stipulate that no bird or animal shall be pursued for sport which has not been at large for one clear day. Pigeon-shooting is illegal in many of the States in America, and it would be well if such law prevailed here. A pigeon-match is nothing short of a slaughtering contest, and devoid of real sport.

* * *

AT the Empire Theatre, Newcastle, the other evening, George Drummond and S. Maxwell, the winner and runner-up in the recent Christmas open boat handicap were each presented with handsome gold medals as souvenirs of their performances by Messrs. Moss and Thornton. William Haines, of Windsor, was also made a recipient of a purse of gold subscribed by Tyneside sportsmen as a recogoition of his plucky rowing in the handicap.

* * *

HARRY HUTCHENS, the famous sprinter, has decided to retire from the cinder-path. In lieu of the fact that he has held the championship for sixteen years, his friends are organising a subscription testimonial for him. Those who have already promised to subscribe and receive subscriptions are Messrs. C. Simmonite (Victoria Club, Sheffield), G. Drake (Victoria Street, Leeds), T. Thompson (Glasgow), Lapsley (Powderhall Grounds, Edinburgh), J. D. Joss (3, West Register Street, Edinburgh), Peter Duffey (Sunderland), Chris Barrass (Lion and Lamb, Newcastle), Bonnor (Paisley), Heywood (Manchester Junction Hall), R. Ford (Tontine Hotel, Sheffield).

* * *

OWING to Mr. J. Towler giving up the tenancy of Ball Inn Grounds, Sheffield, there will be no Shrovetide handicap this year. Mr. Morte, however, will give the customary £100 to be run for at his grounds on Easter Saturday and Monday, March 24 and 26 next.

* * *

THE Six Days' Bicycle Race at Madison Square Garden, New York, recently, failed to prove as profitable as was anticipated, because the expenses were so heavy. The gross gate receipts were 15,442½ dols. The expenses were 11,000 dols. Schock, the winner got 1,200 dols, Waller, as second man, 800; Martin, as third, 500; Albert, as fourth, 350; and Van Emberg, fifth man, 250 dols.

ONE ON THE "BOBBY."

Lads make a Snow Effgy, but the Original held the Stronger Hand.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE recent snow storm was the means of creating a great deal of misery amongst the poor, and punishment on the dumb animals. They say it is an ill wind that fails to bring joy to some heart, and the snow storm was no exception to that rule. The lads in the suburbs made the best of the storm by snowballing pedestrians and people riding on trams. An event occurred not a great distance from New Cross which taught lads a lesson not to imitate people older than themselves.

It appears there is a "Bobby" who is a terror to the youngsters in that neighbourhood, and many times when he has been seen to enter public-houses to indulge in a little of the "Ould craythur" they felt like reporting him in hopes it would result in a discharge. The other day when the snow was at its height the lads formed it into an effigy of the object of their dislike. With a sheet of black paper they arranged a hat, and by pieces of coal made the eyes, buttons, and chin whisker. A piece of wood took the place of a club, whilst some rope was used as a belt, in which was hung a flask to represent a bottle of whisky. Just as the effigy was complete, and the lads were preparing to snowball it, the original put in an appearance, and by a deft use of the locust warmed up the seats of the youngsters in a manner which they hardly appreciated. The people, however, smile when "Bobby" passes them by.

TOO MUCH PUNCH.

How uninvited Guests got their Share.

(With Illustration.)

A QUARTETTE of sports, says an exchange, made preparations to see the New Year in at the club room, and to make the evening an enjoyable one a large bowl of punch was made. Other members wanted to take a hand in the fun, but were barred out. The watch meeting was inaugurated at 8 o'clock on Sunday evening, and an over-indulgence of the "O be joyfull" soon put the quartette into a peaceful slumber. Three of the party, who were froze out, ascended to a room overhead and boring a hole through the floor let through a rubber pipe, so that the end went into the bowl. Each of the trio took turns at sucking at the tube, drawing up long pulls of the punch. Long before midnight the trio were in a maudlin condition and left only the empty bowl in the room below. In the wee small hours of New Year's morn the quartette awoke, but could not drain enough out of the bowl to wet their palates. They have not yet found out what has become of the punch, though, when any of the members give a wink and smile, they are requested to join in a drink and remain silent.

"THIS is a somewhat free translation," said the literary young woman in the book store.

"No, miss," replied the new clerk, "it costs a bob a time."

* * *

THE Stock Exchange is where hope is exchanged for experience.

ENGLAND v. AMERICA.

Yankee Views on Boxing.

How both Countries are Sized Up.

(With illustration.)

It is curious the strange notions some of the Americans get in regard to our country in various incidents, and more especially boxing. According to their idea, it is nothing short of ring fighting here, and purses seldom go higher than £20, whilst in the States as high as £8,000 has been given for a glove contest. A few years ago the States were besieged with English talent, and none of them ever had to hurt themselves in order to come away with a liberal sum of cash. There is no denying the fact that the United States was the first country where limited round glove contests of modern times became popular, and the returns in many cases were fabulous. Take, for instance, John L. Sullivan, who brought four round bouts into popularity. After he fought Paddy Ryan in the prize ring he made a tour of the States, and offered any man living £200 who would face him for four rounds. The combination was managed by Mr. Al. F. Smith, of New York, and in nine months' time cleared £20,000. At a benefit taken in Boston subsequent to that time he got close on to £3,000 in one night. The four round contests he had with Tug Wilson, of Leicester, Charley Mitchell, Herbert Slade, the Maori, and Prof. Rafflin brought crowded houses, the receipts bordering close on to £3,000 for each contest. Every one of his competitors got more money for the quarter-hour's work than they had ever seen before in their life time.

When Billy Plimmer and George Dixon sparred at Madison Square Gardens, New York, last year, the crowd which flocked about the doors was so great that about 6,000 were turned away, being unable to gain admittance, notwithstanding the fact that tickets sold at from eight shillings to as high as a sovereign each. The Yankee notion is that English sparrers in America got packed houses, and will carry off to this country sacks full of dollars, and on departing will regard the people as a lot of mugs, that on reaching home they at once seek a public-house, and retire from the pugilistic business. There are a few boxing men who have done business within the roped arena in the States and to-day figure as publicans, and foremost amongst them are George Fryer and George Willson, but neither one got the start from Yankee dollars. Tug Willson brought back a snug sum of money, but he invested it in shoe business, which did not prosper. Billy Plimmer is doing fairly well in the States, but where one Englishman has made money there, at least a dozen have returned as poor as when leaving home. The sun does not shine brightly for all, and it is not because the men did not possess talent, but because circumstances were such that they were included amongst unfortunate ones. Dick Burge journeyed the Atlantic twice and returned empty-handed on each occasion, because, to state plain facts, he was too good a man in his class, and the light-weights feared him.

The impression prevails that an American boxing in England does so before a limited audience, and when a ring fight is being decided the loser is horribly abused when unable to face the music any longer. We have good-sized audiences here as well as in America, and it is a common occurrence at some of the London clubs where those who attend are assessed two guineas for the privilege of witnessing a glove contest of a limited number of rounds. The old-time barbarous ring fights have gone out of fashion, and scientific bouts with gloves have filled the gap. They pay better, and not only attract a better class of people, but are sanctioned by the authorities. A glove contest will decide superior science much more effectually than a bare-knuckle ring fight. Frequently one hears a ring-follower exclaim, "Give us the good old times, where we had the fights on the turf with the raw 'uns," but the man who makes use of such a remark does not know what he is talking about.

HENNESSEY ATTACKED AT CLARE, IRELAND.

Men Disguised as Females do the Job, and Get Twelve Months' Imprisonment.

(With Illustration.)

It does not pay to be unpopular, and it is even worse to assume authority in inflicting punishment on a victim of your dislikes. Mr. Hennessey, a Clare farmer, has incurred the displeasure of some of the peasants in that portion of the land of Erin. Thomas McGuare and Anthony Tinane, cleverly disguised as females, attempted to take the law in their own hands and right their petty grievance by attacking Mr. Hennessey, who, however, penetrated their disguise, and when brought up at the Cork Assizes, January 9, they were sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for the liberties they took with Mr. Hennessey.

GETTING EVEN ON A REVIVALIST.

Publicans Break up Prayer Meetings which Injure their Business.

(With Illustration.)

"It is bad enough to have dull business," said a publican the other day, "but when a preacher starts revival meetings and cry down our trade it is then time to complain. We had such an experience a short while since, and I waited to hear complaints from other sources. It was being carried to such extremes that many of the fanatics of old women conceived the notion of standing in front of the publics and take down the names of patrons only to supply the revivalist with them, so he could read them off before the gathering. It got to be so that when a man took a drink the entire town knew of it the following night. We stood it as long as possible, and concluded that extreme measures would have to be taken. Four of us banded together, one carrying a cornet, another a trombone, the third cymbals, and fourth a base drum. We laid siege to the door outside of the small hall where they were on their knees in prayer, and started up a serenade that made them fairly howl with agony. None of us were musicians, but we made as much noise as a full brass-band. Our sport, irrespective of harmony, lasted fully fifteen minutes, when a compromise was effected, the parson consenting to abolish the calling off of the names of patrons to our places, and since then business has been much better. The revivalist minds his business, and we ours. We are all 'grafters,' and should look after our own "game" without doing so at others expense."

TAKEN BY STORM.

She had no mother, but other relatives were numerous.

(With Illustration.)

They had only just passed their honeymoon when she suggested that a visit from her cousins would just be delightful. "Would George dear object?" Of course not, and holiday season would be the time when the anticipated hour of pleasure would be most appreciated. When George gave consent he little dreamed of what a surprise was in store for him.

On New Year's morn, before he had fairly got fully attired, a knock came to the door and response to walk in, when behold there ushered in presence of the newly-mated pair cousins, uncles, and aunts to the number of a round dozen. "Happy new year, Cousin Jane," exclaimed the spokesman, a sickly but forward youth, and the remainder joined in chorus. They had come to stay a week, but on ascertaining that the accommodations were only sufficient for two, the visit was shortened to a day. Jane had given out the impression that she had got a rich catch, and possessed a home fit for a queen, little dreaming that more than one would come at a time, when she could fall gracefully, and admit her husband was only a clerk at thirty bob a week.

The greedy relatives had come with a few frivolous gifts, in hopes of lucrative returns from the rich husband. Their doom was settled, however, and the few shillings' worth of articles brought were never shown to light. Not the least disappointed is the husband, who allows that no man on thirty bob a week can support a wife with a room full of poor and grasping relations.

NO ROOM FOR SCABS.

Starvation Drives Women to Fight to Death.

(With Illustration.)

Advices reach us to the effect that a desperate conflict occurred in Pennsylvania, U.S.A., recently over the lock-out of men who sought to get a living wage. Trifling with the working man is all very well in prosperous times, because men thrown into idleness can obtain other employment. A lock-out in mid-winter soon produces starvation, and when people are reduced to misery their only thought is vengeance. In the lock-out scab workmen were engaged at reduced wages to mine and handle the coal, and resulted in a general cry for justice. Sympathy is seldom extended to those who most need it, and rather than be ignored and die of starvation the strikers and their wives soon opened up a riot on the scabs, displaying a banner bearing the following legend: "Down with the scabs who took bread out of our mouths." A hand-to-hand struggle was the result, many men and women getting seriously injured. The scabs became alarmed and quitted the place, and the owners preferring to avoid a loss of money were forced to accede to the demands of the men, who only asked for a living wage.

A FAREWELL TO CHINESE.

The Geary Law hailed with Delight.

Texans raise Cain with Deported Chinese.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Since the advent of Chinese in San Antonio, Texas, U.S.A., the natives have made it as unpleasant for the Celestials as possible. They started to do the laundry business of the town, but the thoroughbred Texan dreaded leprosy too much to risk having any clothing cleansed by them. Again, the women folks entered objections too because they realized that once the Celestiels got a foothold, their prospects of earning a living washing would be a thing of the past.

The passage of the Geary law ordering the Chinese to be returned was hailed with delight by the townspeople, and Chief Deputy United States Marshall John Walter got together sixty-five of them. All these offenders have been arrested within the past three months. Twelve of them are in jail at San Antonio, nineteen at Del Rio, and the remaining number at Eagle Pass and El Paso. On boarding the train at San Antonio the people bid them farewell in a cruel manner. Some got lashed with whips, some punched by boys and women, whilst many found themselves minus the queue so highly prized by the Celestial.

CAUSED HIM TO WEEP.

A Solicitor rehearsing an Appeal for a Client causes him to Weep.

(With Illustration.)

To be pathetic in an appeal is one thing, but to carry it to such an extreme as to cause the speaker himself to weep, puts an entirely different phase on the case. There is an ambitious young solicitor in London who makes it a point to follow closely any appeal made by a prominent barrister in Court, and when he reaches his lodgings rehearses the same all by his loneliness. Being retained the other day on a theft case, he prepared an elaborate appeal touching upon his client's past life and how he had been driven to stealing because of a wife and five children starving to death, and vouching for future good behaviour if discharged. Having it complete he prepared for a rehearsal. Placing on the window-sill of his attic chamber a large demijohn to figure as the judge, he arranged two rows, of six jugs in a row, to serve as jurymen. All prepared, he commenced his address. The landlady was bound to his room to remind him of overdue room rent, and on opening the door was froze to the spot an intent listener. So pathetic was the appeal in his own estimation, that the tears welled down his cheeks, and he was compelled to keep his handkerchief in active service. The landlady was moved, too, to such an extent that she resorted to the use of her apron. Mighty as the appeal proved in private, it resulted in a flat failure in Court, and the client got two years at hard labour.

SKULLS RESURRECTED AT CLAPHAM.

(With Illustration.)

Mr. Robinson, a contractor, who some few weeks ago removed a large quantity of human bones from Whitechapel to a railway arch near Clapham Junction, attended before Mr. A. Braxton Hicks, coroner, and explained that the University College Hospital had accepted some of the bones, and with regard to the remainder the hospital authorities would undertake to have them interred in the grounds of the institution. The coroner said that more than a ton of these bones were brought to Battersea and got scattered about. If Mr. Robinson could make arrangements for them to be properly disposed of that was all he required. What he wanted to insure was that they should not get into another coroner's district.—Mr. Robinson: Then if I get the hospital people to write you a letter, that will do?—The coroner: All I want is to get them out of the way. They cannot do any harm, the people having been dead for probably 300 years, but it is not decent for skulls to be found in the streets.—In reply to the jury, the coroner said the bones were found either in an old burial ground or a plague pit.—A juror: Are they of any value?—The coroner: Not that I know of.

The tall waiter with the big moustache and the broad shoulders shuffled up to the slim and puny guest at the table of a tavern in a rough mining town in the Western part of the States, and stood waiting for orders.

"I want a steak," said the little guest mildly.

"So do I stranger," exclaimed the waiter, grabbing him by the hand and dragging him to his feet in a burst of sympathy; "so do I, and ef I had it, you bet yer life I wouldn't be slinging hash in no d—— foundry like this," and the little guest fell over in a faint.

PHUNNYGRAPHS.

Mendicant: "Sir, I am slowly starving."
Crusty Party: "Very sorry, but I know of no way to hasten the process."

* * *

Mrs. Soak: "Great heavens, Mr. Soak! Look! The baby acts as if he was drunk."
Mr. Soak: "That damned nurse has been at my brandy bottle again."

* * *

Edith (in a cigar store): "I want a box of nice cigars."
Dealer: "What kind would you like, Miss?"
Edith: "Oh, I don't know! Have you any flavoured with violet?"

* * *

Professor: "Of what, sir, do you suppose the lining of your gullet and stomach to be composed?"
Old Soak: "Blotting-paper of course. Set 'em up again."

* * *

A skin game—Stuffing sausages.

* * *

Her mouth it is a tulip;
Her teeth they are of pearl;
But, alas! I wish that she was not
Some other fellow's girl.

* * *

Hungry Higgins: "It's purty tough when a feller asks for bread and gets a stone."
Weary Watkins: "I remember once when I didn't have no kick comin'. But, then, you see, there was a little rye went along wi' the rock that time."

* * *

"I've lost my ring, Bridget."
"Why don't yees advertise, mum, and no questions asked?"
"What good would it do?"
"Yees moight foind it, mum; me lasht misthress did, an' Oi got the reward."

* * *

Mr. Skidds (feeling his way): "Miss Fosdick, what salary do you think a young man ought to have to marry?"
Miss Fosdick (with well-simulated surprise): "My gracious, Mr. Skidds! do young men demand a salary for marrying nowadays?"

* * *

The Hostess (apologetically at luncheon): "This being Friday, Mr. Castleton, we don't have as much as on other days."
Castleton: "Neither do I, as a rule."
The Hostess: "Why, do you fast on Friday because you think it right to do so?"
Castleton (going): "Oh, no. Because I'm broke."

* * *

A bitter smile—Whisky and bitters.

* * *

St. Peter: "Here is your harp."
Shade of Actor: "You surely don't mean that I am to go into the orchestra! Let me out, and I'll go to the other place."

* * *

He dragged her under the mistletoe bough,
She resisted and struggled with maiden guile,
Then kissed him back with such fervour that now
He's wearing court plaster on his smile.

* * *

He: "How many men have you kissed in the three months I have been away?"
She: "You misjudge me, entirely, sir. Do you suppose I am such a cold-blooded, calculating creature as to have kept count?"

* * *

"What do you think of this cheme of raising the tax on soap?" asked Plodding Pete.
"It's all right," said Meandering Mike; "put the taxes on the luxuries. Any man that uses soap orter be made ter pay for it."

* * *

Side by side they cooing sat
And stroked each other's curls;
But stupid seemed their love, and flat,
Because they both were girls.

* * *

Tenant: "Go way from here with that noise or I'll call the janitor to make you move on!"
Organ Grinder: "I am the landlord, you chump, and I'll make you move if you interfere with my business!"

* * *

"Take back the heart that thou gavest!"
He wildly did implore.
He held then four good clubs
And needed just one more.

* * *

Sunday School Superintendent: "And who was Adam?"
Small Girl (daughter of modern, progressive woman): "He was the husband of Eve."

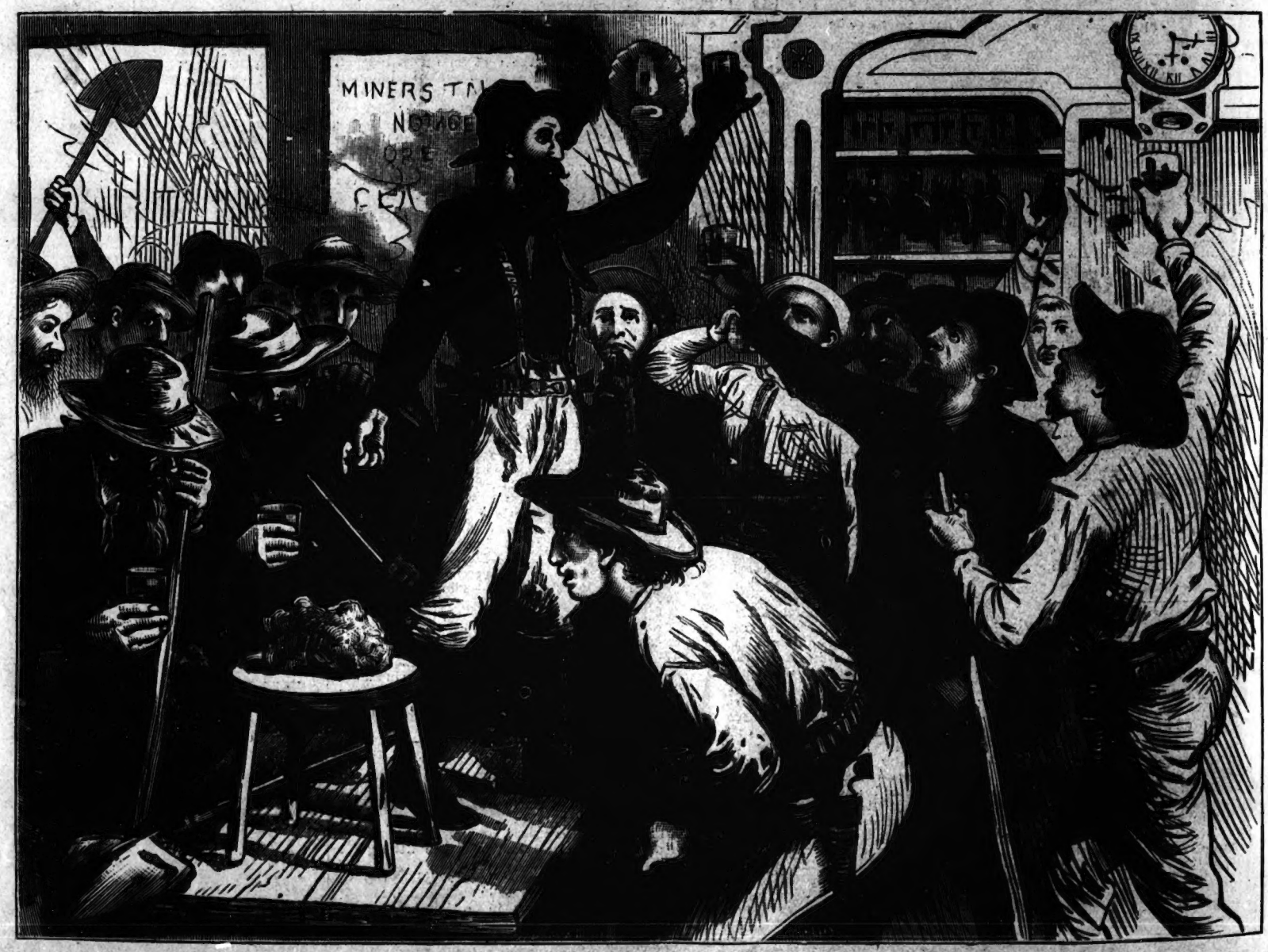
* * *

Wife: "Can you let me have some money, dear? I am going shopping."
Husband: "Great heavens, Maria, you'll ruin me!"
Wife (calmly): "All I want is a shilling for 'bus fare."

* * *

"How closely Bibb's new wife pays attention to every word he says."
"Yes; force of habit."
"Habit?"
"Certainly; she was his typewriter."

SPADES WERE TRUMPS.
Champagne Supper of the Gravediggers.



WHISKY FLOWED LIKE WATER.
Old Border Ruffian Beaten Dies of a Broken Heart.

A FAREWELL TO CHINESE.

The Geary Law hailed with Delight. Texans raise Cain with Deported Chinese.

ONE ON THE "BOBBY."

Lads make a Snow Effigy, but the Original held the Stronger Hand.

AROUND THE RING.

Fight Sure to Occur.

Mitchell Confident of Success.

Corbett in the Hunt, too.

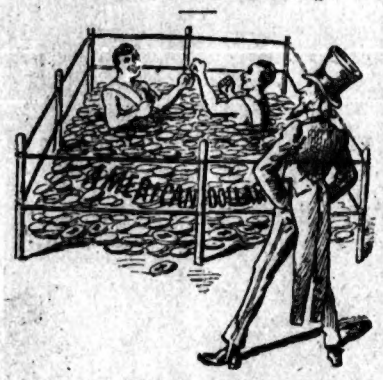
Pony Moore and Family.

They will be there January 25.

Abbott Wins in America.

Falvey a Soft Thing for Him.

Local Men and Their Doings.



(With Portraits.)

Betting has started at Jacksonville on the big mill, and Corbett appears to have the call at odds of 100 to 80. When the day approaches there will probably be a great deal of money staked on the result. The admirers of Mitchell have not shown much inclination to wager a great deal of money, being content to wait for stiff odds, which will probably be laid on the American. With both men in condition, it should be even money to name the winner; Corbett, however, being an American, the Yankees will no doubt display their patriotism by staking a small fortune on their countryman. Mike and Phil Dwyer, the horsemen, and Pat Sheedy, are prepared to risk £4,000 on the result, and Al F. Smith and Gus Tuthill, the New York sportsmen, will go £2,000 more; but it is doubtful if they will care to chance their money and give longer odds than 100 to 80, because a prize fight is regarded by them as one of the uncertainties of life in which the unexpected frequently happens.

Corbett had a strange experience the other night. He saw a man lurking outside the window of his room, who vanished when he found he was discovered. Corbett, fearing assassination, fired two shots at the stranger, who is supposed to have got away uninjured. Corbett sleeps in a room with three dogs.

The Duval Club of Jacksonville have published statements assuring the public of their ability to bring off the fight, and stating that their intention to do so is unaltered.

Mr. Mason, president of the Duval Athletic Club, has taken rooms at Hoffman House, New York City, for the purpose of selling tickets of admission to see the fight. Manager Bowden, of the Duval Club, declares that the fight will surely occur at Jacksonville as advertised.

It is rumoured at Jacksonville that the Governor of Mississippi will make a legal demand upon Governor Mitchell for the body of Charles Mitchell, charged with prize-fighting. As Mitchell was Kilrain's second in the Sullivan fight, under the law of that State he is amenable to the same law as the principal. Kilrain was punished, and his friends who are down on Mitchell for deserting him, think that the Englishman should have some of the fun, too.

Ex-Judge, E. M. Randall, of the Supreme Court of Florida says that it could be done, and that Mitchell could be arrested and taken to Mississippi very easily. The matter has created feeling in Jacksonville, and the friends of the club don't like its introduction into the present already complicated state of affairs. Cripple Creek, the wonderful gold camp at the base of Pike's Peak in Colorado has made a bid of 40,000dols. in gold for the Corbett-Mitchell fight. The offer is in good faith, and the projectors have every cent of the purse already raised. The unsettled condition of affairs at Jacksonville has induced this move, and everything possible will be done to bring the pugilists to the Rocky Mountains.

If the fight can be secured, the men at the head of the scheme stand ready to deposit the entire purse in the hands of any one acceptable to the principals. No legal difficulties will interfere if the pugilists can be induced to accept the purse. The business men of San Antonio, Texas, offer 25,000dols. to have the match take place at San Antonio or Mexico.

A cablegram received January 11 states that the Governor and the Attorney-General of Florida have decided to allow the contest between Mitchell and Corbett to take place. This decision, it is stated, is due to threats on the part of the Duval Club that they would otherwise sue the city for a large amount for a breach of faith under the ordinance permitting boxing contests. The match should prove to be one of the most interesting which has taken place of late years. No one can question the ability of Mitchell, because he is one of the cleverest men England has ever produced, and knows every inch of a twenty-four foot ring. Much has been said in regard to his avoiding fight and adopting sprinting tactics, but a man who engages to fight in a twenty-four-foot ring is entitled to utilise every inch of it, should he feel so disposed. In olden times a man who made a running fight for the first few rounds was usually considered clever and a good general. Such being the case, why should not a man indulge in the same tactics to-day?

When Corbett met John L. Sullivan, the audience derided the Californian because he adopted the runaway tactics in the opening round. This enraged Corbett, who, holding up both hands as a signal for the audience to quiet down, said, "Gentlemen, I'll give you all the fight you want, presently;" and to show what a mug he proposed making of Sullivan, he stepped deliberately up to John L. and slapped him twice in the face in rapid succession with his left hand. Thereafter there was but one fighter and a "chopping block" in the ring, and the towelling down he gave the Boston Blower is beyond description. Had he so desired, Corbett could easily have won in less than half-a-dozen rounds, but as he remarked subsequent to the match, "I went at him same as I would sit down to a hearty meal. We had all night before us and the result from the outset was never in doubt in my mind."

Some of the American papers predict a short and decisive battle, but with two such men as Corbett and Mitchell it is doubtful if any decision is reached within an hour, if in that time. Opinions of the sports in the States differ, as usual, but take a fair average of those who know a fighting man when they see him perform, talk of a scientific contest with advantages in favour of Corbett because of his superior height, reach, and weight. A comparison table of the measurements of the men will show that for fighting under Marquis of Queensberry rules, Corbett is of the best build. It is not our desire to champion the cause of the foreigner in preference to our own man, but facts must be stated. The Mirror of Life has no favourites to boom, and want both men shown fair play, with the honours to fall upon the shoulders of the man who is entitled to them.

If Governor Matthews did order out the militia to prevent the fight his authority would have been ignored, because the Adjutant-general called a meeting of militia officers to ascertain their feeling on the subject, and they informed him that the question had been canvassed and that they had decided to pay no attention to the Governor should he proclaim martial law in Duval county and order them out. They added that their dearest friends were interested in the matter, and knowing that no law could warrant the Governor to proclaim martial law to prevent a boxing contest, they would not recognise him. On January 12 the City authorities issued a licence authorising the Corbett-Mitchell match to occur January 25 in the city of Jacksonville. The President and officials of the Duval Club ridicule the threats of Governor Mitchell, and say that the contest will certainly come off. With a permit legalising the battle and the State Militia declining to respond if ordered out, it looks as though nothing could prevent the meeting occurring on the day set for it.

The departure of Pony Moore and wife, Mrs. Charles Mitchell, and son for America on January 13, from Liverpool, is pretty good evidence that Mitchell intends fighting and is confident of success. They embarked on the *Etruria* from Liverpool, the same steamer that conveyed Jake Kilrain to this country when he fought Jem Smith some few years ago.

* * *

George Washington, better known as "Pony," Moore, has dissolved his connection with Moore and Burgess' Minstrels at St. James's Hall. For some reason unexplained "Pony" offered his resignation as manager, and it is said that the board of directors promptly accepted it. He will, on his return from the States, confine his energies to the Washington Music Hall at Battersea. In an interview at Queenstown he said that it has been the ambition of Mitchell's life to measure arms with Corbett and thus settle who is entitled to the championship of the world. He is confident that Charley will make a good show and uphold the honour of Old England. Should the American authorities decide to prevent the contest taking place at the Duval Club and proclaim Martial law, Mitchell will be prepared to travel to any remote corner of the universe to fight Jem Corbett. There will be a big pot of money to be won and lost over the contest, but Mitchell cares nothing about the financial gain. What he wishes for is the proud title of champion of the world. However, whether he is victorious or defeated his programme is to return at once after the fight is over to England to transact business matters, after which he will bid adieu to the shores of the Old World to make Buffalo, where his son was born, his future home, first starring through the principal cities of the United States.

A cablegram, dated January 14, states: "The Duval Club has shown its absolute confidence in its ability to carry out the programme of the Corbett-Mitchell fight by depositing 20,000dols. purse money to the account of the referee, Mr. Kelly. The club is also arranging to have a monster tent, which can be erected within a few hours, at some point outside the city. The exact locality will be kept a secret, however, till the last moment, in case of successful interference on the part of the Governor. Both the pugilists are in favour of holding the contest by daylight. Speaking at a mass meeting, the Governor reiterated his determination to prevent the fight. Local feeling is consequently bitter against him. Corbett, in a letter, declares that Mitchell is doing all he can to stop the contest, fearing the result."

* * *

Stanton Abbott, the clever English light-weight, met Jack Falvey, a local light-weight, at the Metropole Club, Providence, Rhode Island, U.S.A., January 8, in a fight to a finish with four ounce gloves for a purse. The local man is a clever boxer, and quite a favourite with the sports of the town, hence a large crowd attended to witness the contest. Jess Brown officiated as referee. The men were well matched in height and reach, and the prospects of a good fight attracted a large sporting gathering. Falvey though very clever his skill was discounted by the superior agility of Abbott.

The Englishman drew his opponent out in the early rounds, leading only when he saw a chance of work at short range on Falvey's ribs, or of landing his peculiar left lead on his left jaw. This continued for eleven rounds, neither man giving much punishment, and Falvey doing nearly all the work, with an apparent advantage.

In the twelfth round Abbott assumed the aggressive, landing hard left-handers on his opponent's head, and right-handers on the stomach. At these he worked continuously, and in the thirteenth and fourteenth rounds with marked effect.

Falvey became very groggy in the beginning of the fifteenth round, and too exhausted to get out of the way.

Near the close of the round, his seconds threw up the sponge, but while it was yet in the air Falvey landed two swinging blows of some force.

There was no question as to which was the better man, and the referee awarded the fight to Abbott.

* * *

The arrival here of Jem Burge, the Iron Man, calls to mind a rather amusing story about the Australian, which was told at Sydney as a positive fact. It is conceded here that in America the natives exaggerate everything however trivial it might be. In one sense, we can't be blamed for having such an idea, for the very reason that Yankees who visit this country are generally accused of fabricating, and what truthful stories they do tell they encroach on the line of imagination as far as they possibly can. Such intimations are, as a rule, the incentive of many yarns told in an innocent manner, and some garble them up as gospel truth. For a downright whopper here is one that was told by a newspaper man in Sydney, who even went so far as to pledge producing witnesses in case his veracity was questioned. It was on the occasion of a benefit tendered to John Donaldson, Corbett's Sparring partner, at Larry Foley's hall in sydney, that Burge was introduced as a light-weight champion to box three friendly rounds with a local light. The Sydney journalist turned to the American who sat beside him and asked for an opinion of Burge, and if he would not surely whip any man in the land of the Stars and Stripes. Burge looked as hard as nails, and was to all appearances in the best possible condition. In boxing he displayed slow motion, and besides kept his guard too low: the American did not hesitate to state that there were a dozen light-weights who would knock the head of Burge into a mass of jelly without receiving a great amount of punishment in return. This put the Sydneyite on his mettle, and the following is the substance of what he said: "What! whip our Jimmy by pounding his head! How ridiculous! Why that is just his game, to stand up and let his opponent hammer away at his head and break his hands. You could not hurt Burge if you went at him with a club. His head is as tough as a rock. A policeman broke a club over his head only a short time ago, and it was only a few days since that Jemmy fell down a sixty foot shaft head first, and struck on a rock. Did he get hurt? Not he, but when he came up to the surface he bemoaned the loss of a favourite clay pipe which got broke when he struck bottom. Whip Jimmy by punching his head! Eh! well, I should say not. We've had lots of clever sparrers up against him, and all Jimmy does is to 'cop' all that comes in his way, till the other fellow smashes up his mawleys, and when he gets crippled then Jimmy just sails in and whips his man to death. Wait till he goes to America and he'll fool them all."

If any American can tell a harder one than that, we would like his photograph. Burge is here now, and we will await his appearance against some of our men at 9st 10lb—that is about his best fighting weight—and if he can stand up against the pounding our hard hitters will serve out to him the Australian yarn will be swallowed down without even a grain of salt. We would like to see Harry Nickless or Dick Burge take him on, and if either of them failed to hit hard enough to knock the Australian's head clean off his shoulders, then we should admit that our knowledge of the human frame is limited—decidedly limited.

* * *

In speaking of the advantages of height and reach in a prize fight, an old time pugilist in the States, says:—"Well built, broad shouldered, middle-sized men have often as long arms as six-footers. O'Baldwin, the Irish giant, was six feet five and three quarters in his stocking feet, and was a pupil of Nat Langham's and had a good deal of the same quickness and skill in timing his blows with his left. Yet that did not prevent Andrew Marsden, of Nottingham, England, in their first fight from doubling him up in the second round. Marsden was about Heenan's size. O'Baldwin's fight was interrupted by the police when he met Joe Wormald. Joe was a pupil of Jem Mace, and although under six feet high was an unusually long-armed man and had previously beaten the giants, Iles and Marsden. Yet Wormald had decidedly the best of it as far as it went. The spectators were astonished to see that when counter hits were exchanged Wormald got home with decided effect. Sullivan's friends said the reason that John L. could not land his formidable right on Corbett was because Jim was his superior in height and reach, and what Sully could not do, nobody else need try. Sullivan was never considered an expert at timing his blows with his left. John L., when asked by a reporter to give his opinion about Charles Mitchell and James J. Corbett, said 'they were both clever. Mitchell was the hardest hitter, and Corbett had the advantage in youth, height, and reach, but Charley was clever in avoiding long reachers.' Sullivan met Mitchell when the former was in his prime, and the Sullivanites thought he would be certain to knock Charley out in less than six rounds; but after watching the bare-knuckle contest in France in the early stages of the rounds, a spectator exclaimed 'Why don't you knock him out?' John's answer should have been, 'Because I can't; you had better come in here and try.' John L. could not land his memorable right on Mitchell or Corbett. A heavy right-hander is difficult to land on a shifty boxer. When Sayers and the Tipton Slasher stood at the scratch and exchanged counters, Old Tipton got home with his left easily enough, but whenever he swung his right Tom easily avoided it by ducking."

* * *

Arrangements have been made in San Francisco for a fight between Solly Smith and Jerry Marshall, the Australian coloured champion featherweight, who wants to battle George Dixon.

* * *

Tom Harris, of Shoreditch, is seeking a match with Bill Day, of Hackney, at 8st 12lb, for from £10 upward a-side. He is also prepared to meet Woolf Abrahams on the same terms.

* * *

At an assault-at-arms held at the North London club rooms at Pentonville January 9, two contests were decided. In the first bout W. Sandilands disposed of T. Livermore. The former led off with a good straight left on the jaw, but Livermore rushed in and landed well with both hands on the head. Pulling himself together, however, Sandilands steadied his man, and getting to close quarters some rattling good exchanges followed. At the end of the round both lads were blowing freely. Sandilands came up very eager and gave his man no rest. Livermore, being fairly beaten, gave in after boxing 1min 15sec in the second round. Harry Smyrk and R. Josephs faced each other for six rounds. It was an evenly-contested bout, though Smyrk showed to the best advantage and was adjudged the winner.

* * *

H. Ware defeated J. Christon in the fourth round of an eight-round contest at Ratcliffe, January 8, for a purse.

* * *

Jack Nixon, of St. Luke's, and Jack Maloney, of Westminster, met in a glove contest in London, on January 8th, for a purse. The men were to fight twelve rounds. The first three rounds were sharp and effective. Maloney, displaying the best generalship, gained a decided advantage. This he maintained during the fourth and fifth rounds. At the call of time for the sixth round, the Westminster lad went straight across to Nixon, and, after a feint, drove the left on the mark, and as his opponent's head came forward, shot his right on the eye, completely closing it. This finished the job, as Nixon, acting on the advice of his seconds, gave in, though somewhat reluctantly.

A MATCH has been arranged between Dick Moore, the Western middle-weight, and Aleck Greggains, who is several pounds outside that class. The men will spar for a purse of 1,500dols. at catch weights on February 5, the winner to take 1,200dols. and the loser 300dols. The match will take place at the Metropole A.C. of Providence, U.S.A.

* * *

JACK E. DEMPSEY, the once famous middle weight champion, believes he is still capable of coping with any 10st man in the world. He states he will fight to a finish or box a limited number of rounds for points, any welter weight in the world, for from 2,500 dols. to 5,000 dols. a-side and a suitable purse. This is meant particularly for Dick Burge of England or Billy Smith of Boston. Dempsey has posted 500 dols. as a forfeit in Pittsburgh, U.S.A.

* * *

JACK MCAULIFFE and Jimmy Ryan were billed to box the test of six rounds, January 16, at San Francisco, U.S.A., for gate receipts.

* * *

Billy Madden, who brought Charley Mitchell into prominence, claims to be backed by a syndicate with 20,000dols. subscribed to risk on Bob Fitzsimmons to fight the winner of the Corbett-Mitchell contest. Madden is corresponding with the officials at Cuba, asking if he would be permitted to bring off glove contests and prize fights with bare knuckles in the bull ring or the Tacon Theatre. His idea is to revive pugilism and make pugilists battle with bare knuckles according to London Prize Ring Rules, which, Madden claims, is the only way for pugilists to test who is the champion. Should the authorities in Cuba agree to allow contests with gloves and prize fights in which London Prize Ring Rules govern, and no gloves are used, he will at once start for Havanna and make arrangements to bring off a series of contests.

* * *

According to a Chicago paper, "Buffalo" Costello, sentenced to two years' imprisonment for his fight with Billy Woods at Roby, has set sail for Australia.

* * *

PUGILISTS are swarming into Boston and Providence nowadays like flies about a sugar refinery, says the *Boston* (U.S.A.) *Illustrated News*. Some bear championship titles; others are just as proud of the plain names of fighters. It is a question what the lot of unemployed will do during the winter. There is a considerable number of clubs running at present at the Hub, but they cannot commence to give idle pugs all a chance to show themselves. The anxious searchers for purse money are trailing after club managers like Indians after whisky. The stars are hoping against hope for something to turn up for them in the North. Their expectations within the last few weeks all turn Southward, and they are hoping that the "robbins nest again" and lay gold eggs once more in Florida and New Orleans.

* * *

DICK BURGE, champion light-weight pugilist, is rapidly recovering from injuries he sustained whilst training for Harry Nickless, and is recuperating at Bradford. He is the guest of Mr. Edward Connor, who, it will be remembered, presented the champion with the whole stake (£1,000) after his match with Carney, whom he recently defeated. Under the skilful treatment of Drs. Neasham and Ridley, of Newcastle, and Bramwell, of Tynemouth, the champion has made wonderful progress, and hopes to be as fit and as well as ever he was in a short time.

* * *

MR. ISHMAEL WILSON, of 43, York Street, Nottingham, the man who makes a speciality of publishing the lives of old-time pugilists, writes as follows:—"I have read issues Nos. 1 and 2 of THE MIRROR OF LIFE, and must express a candid opinion that it is a capital sporting paper, well worth a modest 'tanner.' The illustrations are brilliant, and the portraits of George Fryer and Will Hulse capital. Our people would appreciate a portrait of Bendigo published in your paper. I'll await with pleasure for Wednesday of each week, so I can see a paper which is sure to meet with approval of all sports."

hint..
that the ...e,
and gave ...

THE Pelican Club in ... Street, once the scene of hard-fought ... fights, is to be reopened Jan. 25, under the directorship of Mr. Charles Roth, who proposes inaugurating matches to be decided there in the near future.

IN an interesting and evenly contested eight-round boxing match at the Kilburn Gymnastic and Athletic Club, January 8, Alf Smith, of Marylebone, was given the award over Harry Heath, of Paddington.

* * *

FRANK SLAVIN, the Australian pugilist, was fined 2s. and costs by Mr. Hannay, the Magistrate at Marlborough Street Court, January 8, for refusing to pay full cab fare to J. Longstaffe, who drove him to Putney and back.

* * *

JOHN L. SULLIVAN has received a set back in the brutal course he has pursued of late. At Buffalo, U.S.A., he entered the hotel and assaulted his mistress, known to the public as Mrs. John L., who, however, was equal to the occasion. She seized an Indian club, and striking him a violent blow on the side of the head, stretched him senseless on the floor. The only and original Mrs. John L. is a Salvation Army lassie at Providence. She lived with him when he was a public attraction and a money maker, but the cruel way in which she was abused by him prompted her to seek solace in religion.

* * *

MR. W. READER and Harry Spurden called at the offices of THE MIRROR OF LIFE on Wednesday and stated that the paper had met with the hearty approval of the people at Fulham, Putney, and Battersea.

* * *

THE friends of Harry Nickless, the popular ten-stone pugilist, propose to tender him a testimonial at the Royal Victoria Music Hall, Lambeth, February 12. Already a committee of prominent sports have started the matter, and the encouragement they have received indicates that Nickless will receive a neat sum of money out of the affair.

* * *

MR. CHARLES NIXON, son of Sam, the Australian sport, who keeps the Flat Iron Hotel, Mill Street, Liverpool, will act as Liverpool correspondent of THE MIRROR OF LIFE. He was for two years connected with the *Melbourne Sportsman* when in the colonies, and since his return he has maintained his connection as a correspondent for that journal.

* * *

PATSEY SHEPPARD, who was known in the sixties as a clever light-weight of Liverpool, is keeping one of the best-appointed sporting houses in Boston, being located on the principal business street of Boston. He will visit his old home this summer, and may bring over a pugilist in the 10st division to appear at the National Sporting Club.

* * *

THROUGH the exertions of Mr. B. H. Benton (Rob Roy), sporting editor of the *Boston Daily Post*, several of our clever men now in the States are being offered "jobs" at Boston and Providence. He has created quite a revival in boxing in the Eastern States, and, through his spicy articles on ring matters, has made the *Post* the popular daily amongst the eastern sports. Mr. Benton will be remembered here as the gentleman who designed and had produced the colour plate of Jem Smith, surrounded by his backers, in 1888, when Smith was regarded as the coming champion of the world.

* * *

SEVERAL managers of boxing-rooms have requested us to supply them with a copy of our beautiful colour plate of Corbett and Mitchell for the purpose of framing to hang up in their rooms. We wish to state that they, or, in fact, any manager of a recognised boxing club desiring the set, which includes James J. Corbett and Peter Jackson in attitude on high cost paper, given as supplements with Nos. 2 and 3 respectively, and the colour-plate presented with No. 4, can procure them gratis at the office of THE MIRROR OF LIFE, 108, Fleet Street, E.C., on or after Thursday, January 25. The same courtesy is extended to secretaries of football, athletic, and social clubs.

* * *

W. READER, the clever 9st pugilist, is giving instructions in boxing at the Fulham and Putney Athletic Club, High Street, Fulham.

* * *

...ers to fight any mid-
...nd, bar Ted Pritchard,
... a purse. Toff Wall,
...le, and Ted Fenton, each
...lves agreeable to a match
Wall wants a bet of a £100
...de £500, and Fenton is not
... wager of any sum or a purse.

* * *

KILRAIN, now residing at Baltimore, U.S.A., speaking of the coming Corbett-Mitchell fight, says that both are good men, and it is hard to pick the winner. He thinks Corbett is the cleverer of the two, and Mitchell, whom he has trained, is the harder hitter. Corbett has more science, he thinks, while Mitchell has a powerful left arm. Kilrain thinks the fight will be a splendid exhibition of the manly art, close throughout, and one that a chance blow may end.

* * *

SAM BLAKELOCK, the Battersea pugilist, appears to be in demand as a trainer. He has been engaged to prepare Ashwick for his match with J. Mills.

TED PRITCHARD, middle-weight pugilist, declines to visit America and fight Dan Creedon, the Australian, and insists that if Creedon desires a match he must come here, where a substantial purse will be guaranteed.

* * *

MICK DUNN, the Australian, has been challenged by Jerry Driscoll, late of the Navy, to fight for a purse to be offered by the National Sporting Club.

STAGE TALK.

IT pays for the fair sex to sing a song which caters to the masses, and any new "make-up" is genetally appreciated. Bessie Bonehill, in doing her turn as a ragged newsboy, frequently has coins tossed on the stage for her. Such are set aside for her two-year-old son, and the sum total amounts to £1,200.

* * *

MR. WILLARD, who has been in the States for two years, is about to return to London, and will assume control of the Princess's Theatre.

* * *

J. M. BARRIE'S "Walker, London" is proving to be a gold mine for Mr. J. L. Toole.

* * *

LEONARD BOYNE, an English actor, is touring the States in "The Prodigal Daughter" to success.

* * *

MISS ALICE HOLBROOK, a young actress, who has scored quite a success in Sydney, N.S.W., and South Africa, will be seen on the London stage shortly. She is a sister-in-law of Mr. B. Barnato, a millionaire diamond merchant.

* * *

Two granddaughters of Michael Balfe, composer of "The Bohemian Girl," are living in poverty in Jersey City, U.S.A. One is the wife of a decrepit bar-keeper; the other, Miss Maud Balfe, was a member of the Salvation Army until her sister fell ill. But, badly off as they are, they hope to be helped by the Duchess de Frias, wife of a grandee of Spain, who happens to be their aunt and the composer's daughter.

* * *

HARRY E. DIXEY, the American comedian, will make his appearance in London shortly in "A Christmas Medley."

* * *

LILY LANGTRY has abandoned the stage for the present and taken to novel writing, being about to produce a book entitled "A Jersey Lily."

* * *

MR. VANE TEMPEST, who is acting in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" at the St. James's Theatre, is a son of the late Lord Adolphus Vane Tempest and Lady Susan, only daughter of a former Duke of Newcastle.

CAPTURED A TRAY OF RINGS.

Gets Nine Months, with a Pal.

Nineteen Rings Still Missing.

(With Illustration.)

SHORTLY after dusk one evening Mr. William Dadd, who is a jeweller of Mare Street, Hackney, heard a slight crash of glass outside his shop. He found that his shop window had been broken and a tray of rings stolen. Mr. Dadd gave chase to the thief, who had the tray in his hand, running off. Eleven of the rings were scattered on the pavement and road, and nineteen others were missing. A cabinet-maker named James Thompson was standing outside the shop and was detained until the arrival of a constable. Giving evidence at the sessions A. E. Clark, a cabinet-maker, deposed to hearing the window broken and seeing a bricklayer named Woodcraft and another man there. Woodcraft left quickly with the other man, who was seen to carry the tray off. Woodcraft was given into custody, the man who had the stuff getting away. Constable Taylor said on Thompson being searched one of the stolen rings was found in his coat pocket. Some small pieces of glass were found on his shoulder, and his hand was cut. In defence, Thompson said he fell against the window, and Woodcraft stated he was with two friends twenty minutes before the glass was broken. He was asking what was the matter when the police took him into custody. Both prisoners were convicted of shop-breaking and theft, and each was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment with hard labour.

SEEN AND HEARD.

GENERAL KODOLITSCH, who died recently at San Remo, left a will bequeathing fifty-two racehorses, valued at £30,000, to his nephews. The widow disputes the will, stating that the General bought the horses with her money, and cannot bequeath them to anyone but herself.

* * *

JONES, the public executioner of Victoria, has committed suicide by cutting his throat, owing to his unwillingness to execute Mrs. Knorr, a baby-farmer, who was recently convicted of the murder of a child at Brunswick, one of the Melbourne suburbs, and was sentenced to be hanged on the 15th inst.

* * *

MR. C. B. FRY, the brilliant all-round athlete, has just attained the unique distinction of being elected captain of the Oxford University cricket eleven for next season, in addition to the captaincy of the football team. He also holds the world's record for long-jumping. He has only just celebrated his twenty-first birthday.

* * *

GEORGE CRIBB, the eldest son of Tom Cribb, champion of England, 1807-1811, died January 8, at Mr. Frederick Tomlin's the Crown, West Smithfield, aged 76.

* * *

AMERICAN lawyers may safely leave their reputation for ingenuity in the hands of Mr. Wallace Scott Andrews, a member of the fraternity who is just now sojourning in Europe. Among the places of interest which he has visited is the famous establishment in Bow Street presided over by Sir John Bridge. He was kindly escorted over the place by 359 E, who introduced him to the magistrate on charges of drunkenness and creating a disturbance because the landlord of a public-house in Holborn refused to serve him with drink. Asked what he had to urge in extenuation, Mr. Andrews gently stroked his waistcoat and said, in effect, "Wall, I guess my stomach must have been out of order, or I'd never have carried on like this." Ten shillings was the fine.

* * *

GEORGE NORTON and Edward Fisher have been found guilty of having forged and uttered an endorsement upon a cheque for £375 in London. Inspector Marshall stated that Norton, who was on a ticket-of-leave in respect of a sentence of ten years' penal servitude, was the leader of one of the most notorious gangs of forgers in the metropolis. The Recorder sentenced Norton to ten years' penal servitude and five years' police supervision, and Fisher to four years' penal servitude.

* * *

A peculiar case has been investigated by Coroner Drew. A young woman named Fairbrother died in a hansom cab recently opposite Brompton Cemetery. A druggist's assistant of Villiers-street, Strand, said he had known Miss Fairbrother for nine years. She was single, and lived under his protection. On the evening of her death he met her by appointment at ten o'clock at the corner of Arlington Street, Piccadilly. She was some minutes late, and they had "a few words." She said her chest pained her. At this remark she fell down on her knees on the pavement. He got her into a cab and accompanied her home. On the way home she grew faint. Opposite the cemetery she laid her head on witness's shoulder, and appeared asleep. The cab was driven in haste to Dr. Butler's surgery in Dawes Road, where it was found she was dead. The jury returned a verdict of "Death from heart disease."

* * *

CLARA MARTIN, of 32, Tranton Road, Bermondsey, was walking in Sutton Street, Stepney, from the direction of the London Docks, carrying a parcel. She was met by, and tried to avoid, Constable 267 H, who appears to be endowed with a fine scent for smuggled tobacco. At any rate, he stopped Clara Martin and said to her:—"What made you run away when you saw me?" She denied running away, but the officer insisted on knowing the contents of her parcel, and refused a bribe of 5s. she offered him. At the police-station she was found to be carrying 15lb of unmanufactured tobacco. At Thames Police Court, Clara Martin was convicted to two months' hard labour for defrauding Her Majesty's customs.

* * *

A DARING outrage was committed on the Raleigh Park estate, Brixton Hill, the victim being Mr. Chapman, of Hinton Road, Loughborough Junction. Having just left a customer's house in Elm Park Crove, he was on his way to Raleigh Park Road, when, at a signal given by a lad, two men rushed on him. Having pinioned his arms, covered his mouth, and clutched his throat, they bade him "be quiet while they 'went down' him, or they would leave him stiff in the snow." They expertly rifled his pockets, appropriating just over a pound, and coolly put back a trifle. His mouth freed, he shouted "Police," which brought him help; but his assailants escaped in the fog.

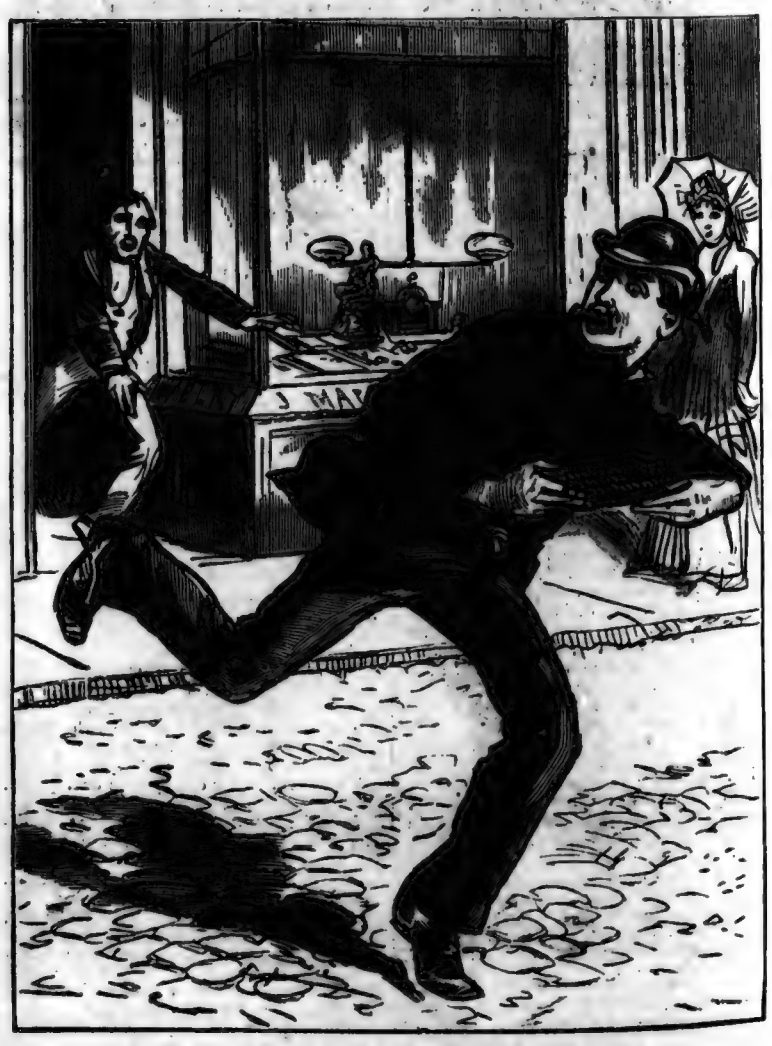
CHARLES E. (PARSON) DAVIES.

America's Premier Sporting Manager.

SKULLS RESURRECTED AT CLAPHAM.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

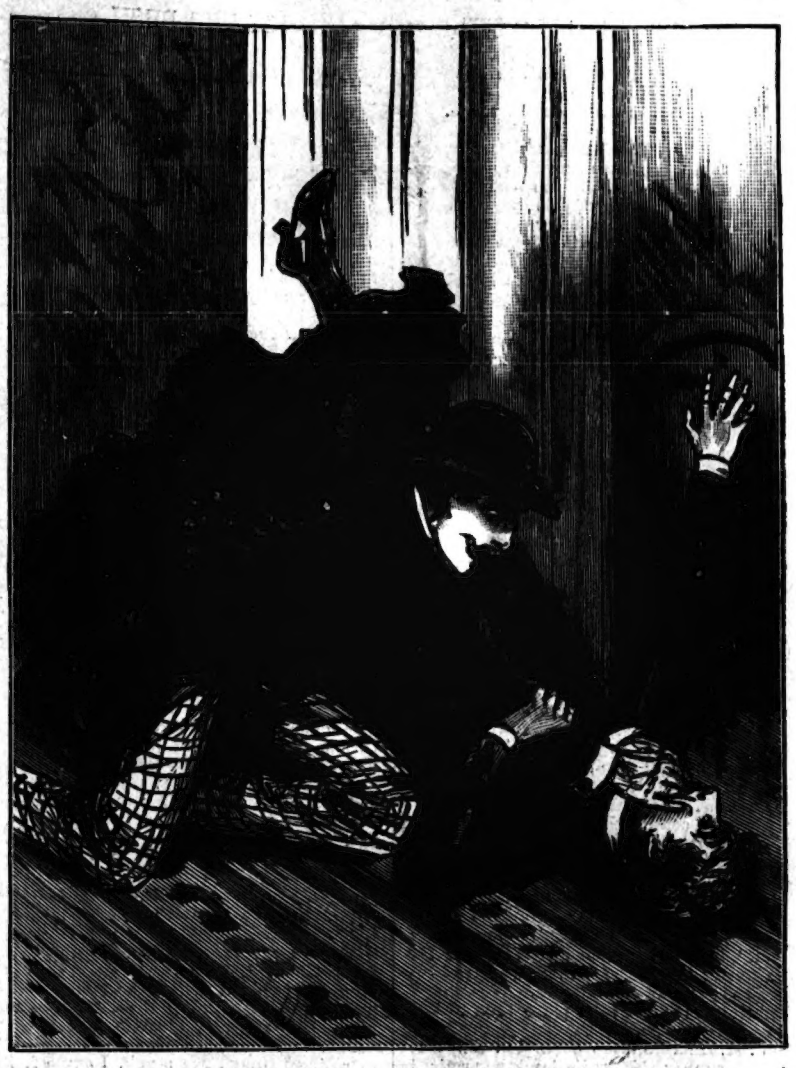
A Situation Hard to Explain Away.



CAPTURED A TRAY OF RINGS.

Gets Nine Months, with a Pal.

MITCHELL, HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.



MRS. ALLEN ASSAULTED BY RENNIE.

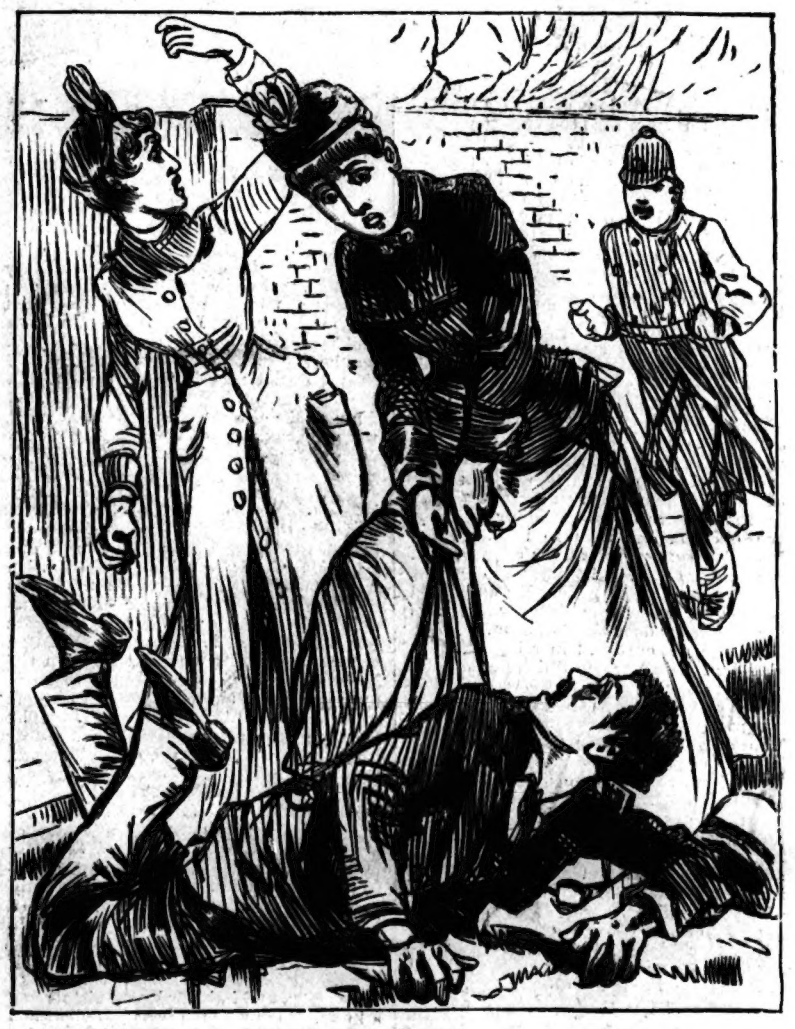
He jams his hands in her Mouth in trying to obtain a Paper of Value.

MRS. JAMES J. CORBETT.

Wife of the Champion, and with him in Florida.

JOE. PATRICK. TOM.

Corbett's Father, Patrick, and His Youngest Sons, Joe and Tom, who are with the Champion in Florida.



HENNESSEY ATTACKED AT CLARE, IRELAND.

Men disguised as Females do the Job and get Twelve Months' Imprisonment.

FROM THE COLONIES.

Threatened Cut Down in the Melbourne Cup Purse-Money Won on the Last Race.

SYDNEY, N.S.W.—The Australian journals are objecting quite strongly to the proposed cut down of the added money to the Melbourne Cup race this year, on the ground that the popularity of the Spring Meeting of the Victoria Racing Club is due to this event. It is suggested that the added money will be but £5,000 instead of £10,000 as heretofore. Some idea of the betting on the last Melbourne Cup—the great racing handicap of Australia—can be gathered from the following figures, taken from Mr. H. Oxenham's book:—£42,200 was laid against Cremorne, £38,000 against Jeweller, and £36,000 against Camoola. The first prize in Tattersall's sweep over the same race (closed with 50,000 subscribers) went to a Mr. L. Fitzgerald, of Charleville, Queensland, who received £13,500. The third prize (£2,250) was won by a syndicate of three telegraph operators in the Wellington office, New Zealand. In the 50,000 sweep at 10s., which filled, Miss Lang, of Waverley, Sydney, held Tarcoola, and received £9,000. And yet only a few months ago Melbourne was talked of as almost a bankrupt city. A fairly good turf season is looked forward to in Sydney, though it is doubtful if the races draw the paying crowds which they did a few years back. It will probably be of interest to the English people to know that the home-coming of the Australian cricket eleven was not announced by a flourish of trumpets. As a matter of fact, the comic papers appear to have treated them with ridicule. The *Melbourne Punch* publishes a cartoon of the team stealing silently away from the docks, like spectres in the moonlight, with the remark, "Pray don't make any fuss about us. We don't want any reception, thank you." The fighting men are few and far between and purses for those who are here are as scarce as hen's teeth. What little fighting that does take place falls to the lot of Melbourne.

J. H. Hempton, the champion amateur sprint runner of New Zealand, has retired from the path. He will be remembered as one of the New Zealand team who visited England in the spring of 1892. C. J. T.

WAR ON THE TYPE-WRITER.

A Siren who Received her Just Deserts.

(With Illustration.)

SINCE it has become fashionable to employ a type-writer in business offices, many a man, heretofore prompt to return home, has found excuses to work later than customary, and in many instances it has created strained family relations at home, which it would be a difficult matter to heal up. It does seem strange, but nevertheless true, that the majority of the females that have developed into type-writers are buxom and of comely appearance, and the principal object in view is to entwine themselves into the good graces of the employer or head of the establishment. Take a man at home—where there is sure to be more or less trouble in the household affairs, he will frequently see all the bad qualities of his better half and remain blind to the fact that she has everything to contend with. At the office the cares of business will naturally monopolise the major portion of his mind and attention. It does not afford him the opportunity to perceive that the siren, who has only to typewrite letters as dictated, is casting alluring glances at him which in time he succumbs to, and then it is a case of a theatre party, a late supper, easier office hours, and an increase in pay for the damsel who is gradually bringing the once honest man to ruin. If the intimacy has progressed far enough, then she becomes bold, and exacts new clothing, an increase of pocket money, and instead of the man conducting his business affairs the typewriter does the dictating.

An instance occurred in a large provincial town the other day which has created considerable comment in the community. It was a case of a once attentive husband, who soon found excuses to work late hours. Times when he was supposed to be toiling for business interests, he spent with his typewriter at the theatre or supper room of a large hotel. Becoming suspicious and gleaning some of the whisperings and knowing glances of people whom the wife met on shopping trips, she satisfied herself all was not open and above board. An investigation only convinced the veracity of her suspicions, and going to her husband's office, demolished the type-writing machine, and meted out a dressing down to the object of her contention, ordering an immediate discharge. The husband was too guilty to rebel at her conduct, and submitted himself to a lesson of morality which will not soon be forgotten.

About the establishment the employés are loth to display their pleasure over the occurrence, though when alone they give way to their feelings in a mirthful manner, and are thankful for the change which has come to pass.

IN THE BUSH.

The Result of Kindness to a Bushranger in Australia.

HUNDREDS were enriched in the palmy days of Australian bushranging by wool-growing. A vast extent of country was covered by the grazing sheep, and the herders were obliged to live alone and far from civilization. The bushranger had no fear of the solitary herder, and the latter was forced by circumstances to become an ally. It came to be an understood thing that the herder should permit the outlaw the shelter of his hut and provide him with a meal, and it was not exacted that he should inform the police. Had he played spy, as well as host, the bushrangers would have put an end to sheep raising by murdering all the herders. On the run of the two D's which embraced many square miles north of the Murray River, we had over twenty herders, writes a correspondent, and the distance between some of them was twelve miles. No two were nearer than five. Each had a rude hut of poles and logs and turf, and was supplied with provisions once a month. There was a fireplace in each hut, and a bunk and bedding for any traveller who might come along. We had a storehouse eight miles north of the Murray, and once a month two carts were sent out with provisions for the stations. As inspector for the company, I had to visit each herder at least once a week, and report on the condition of the herd. If he was ill, which was sometimes the case, I had to replace him with another man; and if he had become homesick and abandoned his station, which was not a rare thing, I had to keep the saddle till a substitute was found. There was no friendship between inspectors and bushrangers. We put the police on their track whenever we could, and many an inspector was tumbled from his saddle by a shot fired from rock or thicket. There were times, however, when hostilities were suspended. When the police were not on a red-hot trail or the bushrangers making a foray, there was not much danger to either side. On one occasion, in riding through the scrub, I came full upon the camp of six bushrangers. There was a sudden alarm and a rush for their guns, but I called out that I was only a ranch inspector who had lost his way, and was not fired upon.

On the occasion of which I write I had made a ride of thirty miles to reach "station 17," which was at the base of a chain of hills, with a vast plain in front of it. A creek ran along the base of the hills, and on the bank of this stream was the hut. The provision cart had been there a week before, and found everything all right. I reached the hut an hour before sundown one afternoon to find the herder on the point of leaving. On the forenoon of the previous day he had been visited by two bushrangers, one of whom recognised him as a witness who had given testimony against him in a case at Sydney three years before. The fact that the herder had been an unwilling witness now saved his life, though he was ordered off the run and warned that he would be killed if he returned. To remain in defiance of the order meant death. He must go, and while waiting for a herder to be sent out to take his place I must look out for his herd. I gave him my horse and his instructions as to where to report, and he was off before sundown. He said that I would probably have a visit from the bushrangers before I was out of it, but I must take the chances of that. Things were very quiet just then, and if they paid me a visit they would not be in an angry mood.

That you may understand more clearly, let me explain that while most of the huts had only the earth for a floor, this one was elevated three feet from the ground and had a floor of split poles. The elevation was on account of the occasional overflow of the creek, and the herder being something of a carpenter had put in his spare hours fixing up. I had prepared and eaten supper and had a cheerful blaze on the hearth when the two dogs began to growl and give other signs that strangers were near. I thought it best to take the bull by the horns, and after a bit I threw the door wide open and stood there a fair mark, while I called out to know if any one wanted food and shelter. Almost instantly a man advanced from the darkness, saluted me with a "good evening" and stepped past me into the hut. I closed the door and turned around to find him standing before the fire, and I instantly recognised him as a notorious criminal known as "Geelong Bill," who had then been bushranging for four years, and had rewards amounting to £1,000 on his head. In his hand he had a long and heavy rifle, and in his belt two pistols and a knife. He was a man about 38 years old, weighed about 180 pounds, and it needed but a glance to tell you that he was all muscle. He had a short neck, the jaw of a bulldog, and a more wicked face, taken from chin to forehead, you never looked into.

"Glad to have your company," I said as I threw a fresh stick on the fire. "I'll have you a bite to eat in a minute or two. Looks like a storm before morning."

"Where's the herder?" he growled, as I prepared his coffee.

"Gone off the run, according to orders."

"And you are a company inspector?"

"Yes; I just got here this evening, and will have to stay till a man comes out."

"Yes, I remember your face. How did ye dare come out here?"

"A man who minds his own business dares to go most anywhere in this country," I pleasantly answered, as I put some meat to cook.

"Mebbe so!" he growled, as he leaned his rifle against the wall and sat down before the fire. "I suppose you ordered the herder to notify the traps that we had shown up here?"

"Don't take me for a fool," I replied. "It is the business of an inspector to look after the flocks. It is the business of the police to catch bushrangers. Every man to his trade. If I'd been in with the traps, some of you ought to have found it out long ago."

"Mebbe so—mebbe so," he growled, but I noticed that his face cleared up and he seemed in pleasanter mood.

I prepared him as good a supper as I had eaten myself, and not a word was exchanged between us while he ate. He was not over hungry, and when he had finished I handed him pipe and tobacco and my flask of whisky. He took a moderate drink, lighted his pipe and smoked for a while, and I was feeling a bit nervous over his sullen demeanour when he turned on me with:

"I'd have been a different man if they'd given me a fair show. When I think of it, how I've been hounded and hunted like a wolf, I feel like killing everybody within reach!"

"You were transported, of course," I replied, as I sat down facing him.

"Aye, and what for?" he fiercely shouted. "Out of thousands of hares I snared one—a wretched little animal, hardly worth the salt to season it. It was the first poaching I had ever done, but the gamekeeper perjured his soul, and I got penal servitude. I was a man before that. I have been a devil since. On board the ship I was treated like a wild beast, and at the settlement they were determined to finish me off as soon as possible."

"I have heard how you escaped," I said, as he rose up and began walking to and fro.

"Then you know that I left three dead guards behind me. They had starved and beaten and insulted me till I was desperate. They were torturing me up to the point when I should make a break, and they would have due excuse to finish me off, but they did not know what a desperate man could do. Had they let me alone, had they given me a fair show, I would have done my work and obeyed all the rules. They drove me to murder and robbery, and may they be accursed for it!"

"You were badly used, as the story goes," I answered, as he stood looking at me with a savage expression of countenance; "but were you driven to this sort of life?"

"What else could I do?" he shouted. "As an escaped convict I could not get out of Australia. How long could I have escaped detection if I had not taken to the bush, and how was I to live without becoming a ranger? The Government has outlawed me and set a price on my head, and if taken I'd get the rope in short order. There's no show for me but to keep right on till the end comes."

"You see the papers now and then?"

"Yes, and I see that every murder on the road is laid to me. I've got enough of them to answer for without any extra, but they pile 'em on. I saw by a Sydney paper the other day that the reward is up to £1,000."

"That's the figure, I believe."

"And wouldn't you like to earn it?"

"No. I want no blood money. From what I have heard your trial and transportation resulted from perjury. I have been told that they used you brutally at the settlement. I don't blame you for escaping, nor yet for feeling as you do, but you deserve hanging for some of the murders you have committed."

"Yes, I have shed a great deal of blood," he said as he sat down again. "Sometimes I am glad of it and sometimes sorry. I have killed to get even with the world, and the world must balance accounts by taking my life. It wont happen soon, however. I'm good enough for five years more of bush life, and at the end of that time may chance to get out of the country."

"You'll not last that long in this part of the country. I have never given the police any information about bushrangers, and it's hardly fair to post you as to their doings, but I may say that two new stations are to be established, and the Governor says he will clear out the last one of you at any cost."

"That's the game, eh? Well, if it gets too hot we'll have to move on, I suppose, but we'll give them a try for it. Do you know why I came here to-night?"

"To see if the herder had gone, probably."

"That's it; and I was hoping he hadn't, so I might shoot him. I saw you through the chinks, and had my finger on the trigger twice. I should have shot you if you hadn't come to the door."

"A man must be a fiend to go about murdering people," I said, as I looked up at him.

"You are right," he replied, though he first scowled fiercely at me. "There are times when even the worst of my men gets afraid of me and skulks away. I was in such an ugly mood this morning that all of them left camp. Even up to the time you gave me a pipe I intended to do for you. Can you guess what my plan was?"

"I have no idea."

"I was going to tie you up in a parcel and roast you before the fire."

"Well, I'm much obliged to you for changing your mind, as I prefer to live on and earn £8 per month. It's only fair to state that I have had as many as ten good opportunities for shooting you since you entered the hut, but I don't want your blood on my hands."

He looked at me for a minute in a queer way and then rose up, hung the belt containing his pistols and knife on a hook, and started to lie down in the spare bunk. The floor was pretty well carpeted with sheep skins, but at one spot there was an opening caused by warpage and shrinkage, and he had the luck to set his foot down and go through with a crash. His right leg not only went down to his hip, but the splintered poles caught it in such a way that he could not pull himself up again. Not a weapon of any sort was within his reach. He was more helpless than any of the victims of his thirst for blood. He made three or four tremendous efforts to free himself, and then quietly said:

"Perhaps you'll change your mind about that £1,000 reward now. All you've got to do is to slip out and fasten a rope around my ankle, or it will be an easy job to knock me on the head with the axe."

I got a stick of wood from the heap, and by using it as a lever he was soon enabled to draw his leg clear. He sat and rubbed it for three or four minutes, and then limped over to the bunk and stretched himself out. Not a work was said by either of us. I sat for half-an-hour to post up my report book and then turned into the other bunk, and I don't remember ever to have slept more soundly in my whole life. I was up and had breakfast ready when the bushranger turned out. Outside of a "good morning" and a word or two about the weather, we had no conversation until we finished breakfast and went outdoors with our pipes. Then I said to him:

"Look here, Bill, I want that herder to return here and continue in charge."

"I'll see that no one bothers him," said he.

"And you might hint to the boys that I don't care to be shot at as I ride over the run."

"They won't waste any lead on you."

"It's against the law for me to help you along in your career, but in case of accident or sickness you'll find the herder willing to do what he can. He's pretty handy at a broken bone, and I guess he knows how to break up bush fever."

"Would ye shake hands with me?" gruffly queried the man, as he turned on me.

"Yes, I would, but with the hope that no more blood may stain it. Good-bye to you."

He started off along the base of the hill and had gone perhaps twenty rods when he halted, turned about, and retraced his steps. He came right up to me, placed his hand on my shoulder, and in a voice which quavered a bit and was low and soft, he said:

"I shall never be quite as bad again as I have been. If you hear of my being captured, try and get to see me."

He walked away, and I never saw him again. I am sure that he did not cease to rob, but there were fewer murders in his district after that. He retained his liberty for nearly a year, and was then captured and his band dispersed. He was promptly tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. I made an effort to see him, but the authorities would not permit it. Through his lawyer, however, I got a letter which worked a sudden and wonderful change in my career. It told me the spot where Geelong Bill had buried the bulk of the treasure he had secured as a freebooter, and a month after his death I was in possession of it. Some of the colonial papers estimated that he must have left £15,000. The police put it at £20,000. The sheep-herders insisted that it was nearer £50,000. As a matter of fact, after I had restored everything I could find an owner for, the "swag" amounted to only £2,800, and much of that was in gold nuggets, which he had picked up in the mountain streams and earned in an honest way.

THE gambler was sick; so sick that the doctor had given him up and had sent for a minister. "What are the chances, doctor?" asked the sick man faintly.

"Well, you may go at any moment, and you may last a week."

The gambler braced up a bit. "Doctor," he whispered, "give me odds of 10 to 1, and I'll go you the amount of your bill that I last eight days. Speak quick before the preacher gets here."

SPADES WERE TRUMPS.

Champagne Supper of the Gravediggers.

(With Illustration.)

Some thirty or forty gravediggers, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, wearing Cardigan jackets, scarves, corduroy trousers, and here and there a black coat, might have been seen at the Moor Park Hotel, Honor Oak, drinking champagne as if it were "'arf-an'-'arf," and smoking cigars of the choicest brand in a way to remind one that "there is no gentlemen, but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession." In the chair was Mr. R. H. Fry, the bookmaker, and right and left of him were Mr. Burridge, Mr. Cornford, and other undertakers of eminence in South London. The occasion was the annual supper of the grave excavators of Camberwell Cemetery—a function which has been organised by the Rev. Eyre Kidson, chaplain of the cemetery. Mr. Kidson is associated with All Saints, Norwood, where Mr. Fry is one of his parishioners. Hence Mr. Fry's appearance in this galley.

A Tombstone in the Pudding.

Whether or not, as in Hamlet's days, gravediggers still play at loggats with bones, they certainly retain their partiality for a stoup of liquor such as the second gravedigger went to fetch and failed to bring, while the jovial company ate beef, mutton, turkey, fowl, and plum-pudding until, as one beaming excavator put it, they made it a matter of doubt whether they would be able to get between the shafts of their barrows on the morrow. Spicy little bits of professional gossip were discussed simultaneously with the fare. A grizzly story about the collision of a hearse was told at one corner, while at another there were related the perplexing adventures of a man who got a second-hand funeral left on his hands through a double order. One humorist, for whom the raisins had not been sufficiently stoned, surmised that he had found a tombstone in his pudding; while the remark of another to the effect that a supper like this every week would make him live as long as Polly Thompson, elicited the information that these men had not long ago buried an old lady of 107, in respect of whom there had been no less than fourteen offers of free burial from enterprising undertakers.

"Dig and Thrive."

Mr. Fry said that he had on previous occasions told them to remember always that in their line spades were trumps, and he had suggested to them the motto, "Dig and thrive." Judging by their appearance they had acted up to that advice. Everybody wanted to see trade thriving, proceeded Mr. Fry. Surely he ought to have barred the trade of the assembled gentry. But he did not do so. He announced his intention of following up the precedent he had established the preceding year of giving them all a Christmas-box, and even while he was saying the word Mr. Kidson was going round with a handful of sovereigns, one of which was rapidly transferred to the waistcoat pocket of every Jack of Spades there. Then there was singing, and chance seemed to will a peculiar appropriateness in some of the songs selected.

The Minstrelsy of Spadeland.

One brawny excavator, for instance, fresh from turning the soil of a new place of sepulture, sang, "Do a good turn when you can, my boys," while another discoursed, in a somewhat resentful tone, about some one who was "Still alive and howling." Some campanologists who looked in delighted these folks who work daily with church bells ringing in their ears; while it was but natural that all the choruses were taken up in tones which were quite sepulchral. By some oversight nobody gave "Down among the dead men," which one would have imagined to be the familiar anthem of these excavators. Mr. Fry proposed the health of Mr. Kidson, and Mr. Kidson, in responding, expressed the opinion that "a thundering good dinner like this is not only good for the body, but is mentally and morally improving if partaken of in such kindly and genial company."

The Maxim of Give and Take.

If their work was sad, he went on, it was all the better that they should forget it sometimes, and have a jolly good rousing evening. He hoped they would not let the mirth flag for an instant. Then Mr. Fry, remarking quaintly that business such as theirs could not be carried on without the undertakers, proposed "The visitors," for whom Mr. Burridge, a white-haired, red-visaged, jocund old coffin merchant, who has, as he said, been in the funeral business since he was fourteen, responded. He reminded the gravediggers how they and the undertakers had to give and take, sometimes the grave being ready too late, while sometimes it was the funeral, an observation which tickled the gallery hugely. Then Mr. Kidson proposed Mr. Fry's health, and everybody spoke of everybody else in terms as complimentary as those of the epitaphs in the cemetery they had just left. There is no truth in the rumour that should Mr. Fry be unable to preside next year, the gravediggers will ask Mr. Sexton, M.P.

MRS. ALLEN ASSAULTED BY RENNIE.

He Jams his Hands in her Mouth in Trying to Obtain a Paper of Value.

(With Illustration.)

The *Evening Sun*, January 9, says: "Yesterday Robert Rennie, of St. John's Park, Holloway, was summoned at North London, at the instance of Mrs. Julia Allen, of Tufnell Park Road, for assault. Mrs. Allen said that Rennie was a single man, and she understood that he was about to be married. Until February last year he had resided for six or seven years in her house, where she lived with her husband. An intrigue existed between them, but the matter was kept secret. On December 29 last, at Rennie's request, she went to the house of a Mrs. M'Alister, and he requested her for a consideration of £5 to sign a paper absolving him from all charges. She declined to sign the document, and put it into her pocket. Thereupon he

Knocked Her Down

and tried to get the paper from her. In the struggle he placed his hands over her mouth and almost loosened her teeth. In cross-examination she said that the intrigue began about six years ago. She declined to say when it ended. At first he drugged her; afterwards he put her under the influence of drink. It was never with her consent. She kept the secret for the sake of peace and quietness, and to maintain her own respectable reputation. Rennie had lent her money; he had given her money, but he had not kept her husband in clothes. He might have given her gloves, but never boots. She thought it best for all parties that he should leave the house, so he went away in February last. At that time Mr. Allen knew nothing of what had happened. Recently she had discovered that Rennie had

Told His Friends the Secret,

and on that she thought it right to tell her husband and seek reparation from Rennie. Accordingly she made a communication to him, and he deputed Mrs. M'Alister to see her. Acting on this lady's advice, she demanded £50 from Rennie, and threatened that if that sum was not paid she would expose him in the City. It was true that she had visited him at his rooms since he left her house. On one occasion her husband went too, and left her there; but she emphatically denied that anything improper took place on that occasion. Mr. Lane: What was your object in taking this document? Mrs. Allen: I thought it a most extraordinary one, and I was anxious to get it. Mr. Lane: You thought it might be a

Weapon of Unknown Value.

Mrs. M'Alister was called, and denied entirely Mrs. Allen's account as to what happened in her house. Mrs. Allen was shown the document and offered £5, which she declined. As soon as she got the paper she put it in her pocket exclaiming, "This is just what I wanted. You will see me again, Mr. Rennie." Mr. Lane said it was clear the intrigue had been going on for years. Rennie, no doubt, wanted a final settlement, and was going to be generous to the lady for the last time. She, however, thought that the document might serve her in the future and she secured it. Rennie got frightened, and the struggle for possession ensued. The summons would be dismissed."

CHARLES E. (PARSON) DAVIES.

America's Premier Sporting Manager.

(With Portrait.)

Without a doubt the ablest, most influential, and best known sporting manager in the United States is Charles E., better known as Parson Davies, of Chicago. In 1875 he became quite prominent in Chicago as an amateur walker, and being quite an admirer of John Ennis, backed him to walk Dan O'Leary 100 miles. He afterwards took hold of George Guyon, John Dobler, H. Krone, and other long distance pedestrians during the boom of go-as-you-please races, and in about every event he had a man who either won or was placed. With Dan O'Leary he managed a series of tournaments in Chicago, and when that game died out he turned his attention to wrestling, bringing to the front Evan Lewis, the strangler. Interesting himself in pugilism, he managed Jack Burke, Charles Mitchell, Jake Kilrain, John L. Sullivan, Peter Jackson, Jim Hall, Bill Bradburn, Cardiff Smith, and, in fact, nearly all the noted men of modern times. He brought Jackson to England, when the black beat Slavin. He is now conducting the affairs of Jackson and Joe Choynski, and has them appear nightly in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," now on a tour of the States. Davies also takes part, portraying Lawyer Marks and Auctioneer Harris in the play. Davies is a shrewd manager, and if there is a dollar in a fighter or athlete he is quick to take advantage of the opening. He makes sporting a business, and by careful and honest dealing he makes it a lucrative one too.

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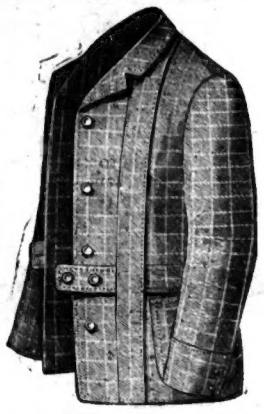

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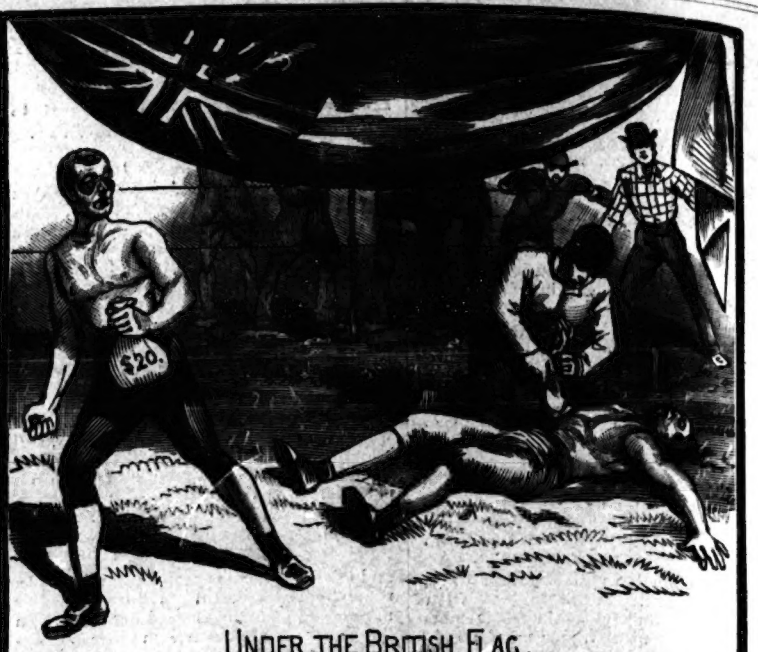

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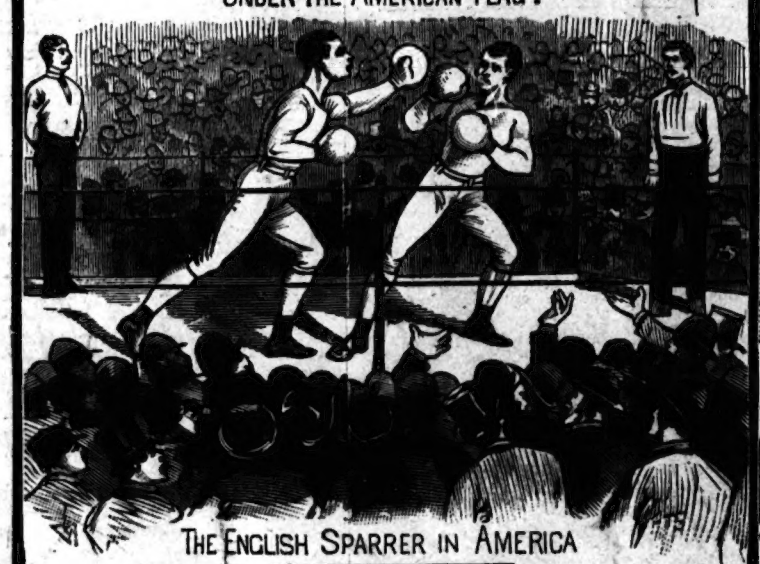

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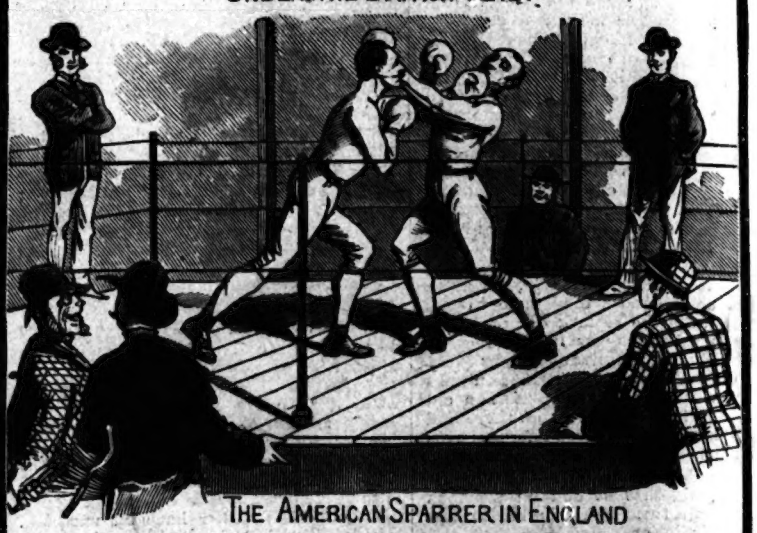

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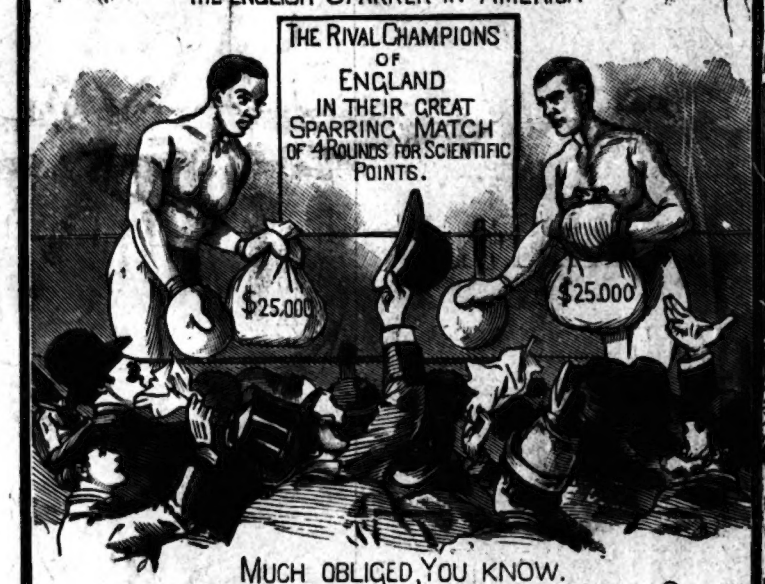

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